

# The Sketch

No. 1055.—Vol. LXXXII.

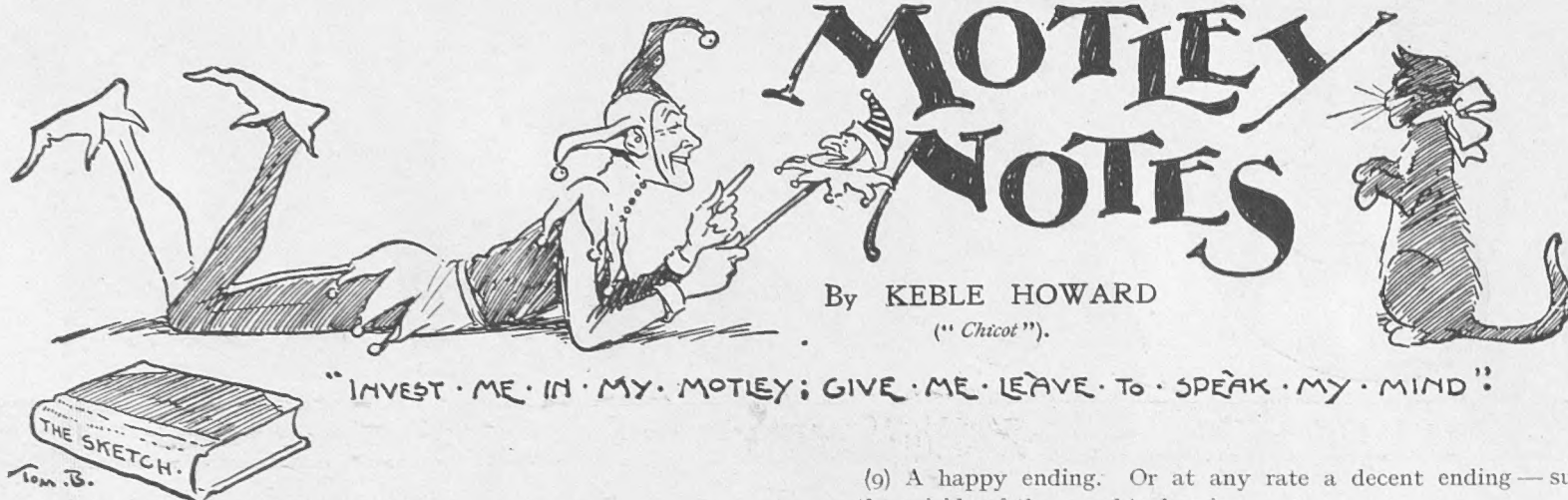
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



WITH A RECORD CATCH: THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD WITH SALMON, WEIGHING 22, 22, 19, 18, 17, 16½, 16, 15, 13, 10, 9, 7½, AND 6½ LB., CAUGHT BY HER ON ONE DAY ON STANLEY WATER, RIVER TAY.

A correspondent, sending this photograph, writes: "The Duchess of Bedford is one of the keenest and best of salmon-fishers. She is a firm believer in casting, and uses an 18-ft. steel-centred rod with the greatest of ease all day. The above photograph shows a record day's sport by casting on April 2. The weights are: 22, 22, 19, 18, 17, 16½, 16, 15, 13, 10, 9, 7½, 6½ lb. All were taken with the 'Black Dog,' with the exception of one which fell to the 'Lock Scott.' Other catches were, on March 22: 23, 21, 21, 18, 14, 18, 8½ lb.; on March 23: 15½, 10½ lb.; on March 27: 23½, 19½, 18½, 18, 20, 20, 17½, 14½ lb.; and on April 5: 11, 18½, 14, 23, 10½, 10, 14, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16½, 23 lb." Before her marriage, which took place in 1888, the Duchess was known as Miss Mary Du Caurroy Tribe, daughter of the Ven. W. H. Tribe, formerly Archdeacon of Lahore.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

**Mr. Bennett on the Theatre.**

Just ten years ago, Mr. Arnold Bennett published a very clever, a very useful, and, incidentally, a very amusing book entitled, "How to Become an Author." I remember that I wrote a "notice" of it in this journal at the time, and I believe I recommended the book to all "literary aspirants." Mr. Arnold Bennett has come right to the front since then, and people are often surprised when I assure them that "The Old Wives' Tale" was not, to be precise, his first book. They should read "How to Become an Author" if they would discover how much Mr. Bennett knew of the craft and business of writing even ten years ago. Only writing men and women, however, will realise the length and the darkness of the road he must have travelled to acquire so much "inside" knowledge.

No, friend the reader, this is not an obituary notice. Mr. Bennett, I believe and hope, is very much alive and in excellent health. But it so happened, the other day, that I was looking through my shelves for something light to read after twelve hours in the atmosphere of the theatre, and I came across "How to Become an Author." One chapter deals with the writing of plays, and I turned to that with some interest. Ten years ago, Mr. Bennett was not the successful dramatist that he is to-day. I find him, indeed, rather gloomy on the subject of the theatre.

"The artistic level of the English stage," he wrote, "is at present low. . . . Our best plays, as works of art, are strikingly inferior to our best novels. A large section of the educated public ignores the modern English theatre as being unworthy of attention. A really fine, serious modern play, dealing honestly with modern life as the best novels deal honestly with modern life, has not the slightest chance of being presented unless it happens to contain a magnificent part for an eminent player."

**The "Marketable Play."**

At any rate, Mr. Bennett, you can console yourself, in the year of grace 1913, with the knowledge that that paragraph would not stand in a revised edition of "How to Become an Author." (By the way, in case three or four thousand people write to ask me where they can get this book, let me state at once that it was published by Messrs. Pearson and Co.) During the last three or four years, a good many fine serious modern plays, dealing honestly with modern life, have been presented without the assistance of eminent players. Some of the players have since become eminent, thanks to the production of these fine plays, but they were not eminent at the time the plays were produced. The play, at last, is beginning to be the thing, even in England.

Mr. Bennett, ten years ago, was bold enough to draw up a list of rules for the young dramatist who wanted to write a marketable play. These rules are so interesting to-day, and so delightfully ironical, that I must beg leave to quote them—

- (1) Plenty of contrasting action and business, and at least one big "situation" in each act.
- (2) Effective "curtains" to each act.
- (3) Plenty of comic relief.
- (4) A luxurious environment.
- (5) At least one character of great wealth, and a few titled characters, if possible.
- (6) Sentimentality in the love-scenes, and generally throughout.
- (7) A certain amount of epigram in the dialogue.
- (8) No genuine realism, unless it is immediately made palatable by subsequent sentimentality.

**Good for the Playgoer.**

I make no excuse for giving away the professional side of the game—as a very clever man summed it up ten years ago—in a journal widely read by playgoers. If Mr. Bennett's rules lead one playgoer in every thousand to pause and ask himself whether he really demands a luxurious environment for his plays, or one character of great wealth, or a few titled characters, or chunks of sentimentality, and whether it is true that he cannot stand genuine realism unless it is immediately made palatable by subsequent sentimentality, then those few inches of space have not been wasted. It is very good for the playgoer (and, consequently, very good for the English drama) to examine himself searchingly, every now and then, on his likes and dislikes.

**Told Over the Telephone.**

What would you do under these circumstances, friend the reader? The other day, a gentleman who was a complete stranger to me rang me up on the telephone and told me a funny story. It was about a curious mistake in a leading London daily newspaper. He took the trouble to ring me up and tell me the story because he thought it would be the very thing for "Motley Notes." I thanked him heartily—and forgot the story. I know neither his name nor his address, but, having no desire to appear churlish, I am anxious to explain myself in this way.

In the meantime, I am reminded of another telephone incident. Very early one morning, I was awakened by the ringing of the telephone-bell. At that time, I was living in chambers in London. The bell rang and rang, and at last I tumbled out of bed and staggered sleepily into my sitting-room.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I called peevishly.

"Are you there?" asked a bright voice.

"Of course I'm here! Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm the Managing-Director of Asterisk and Apostrophe."

"And a very nice berth, too," I replied, and hung up the receiver.

I have often wondered what number that distinguished person—for he really was a very distinguished person—wanted. Not, I was quite sure, my humble and undistinguished number.

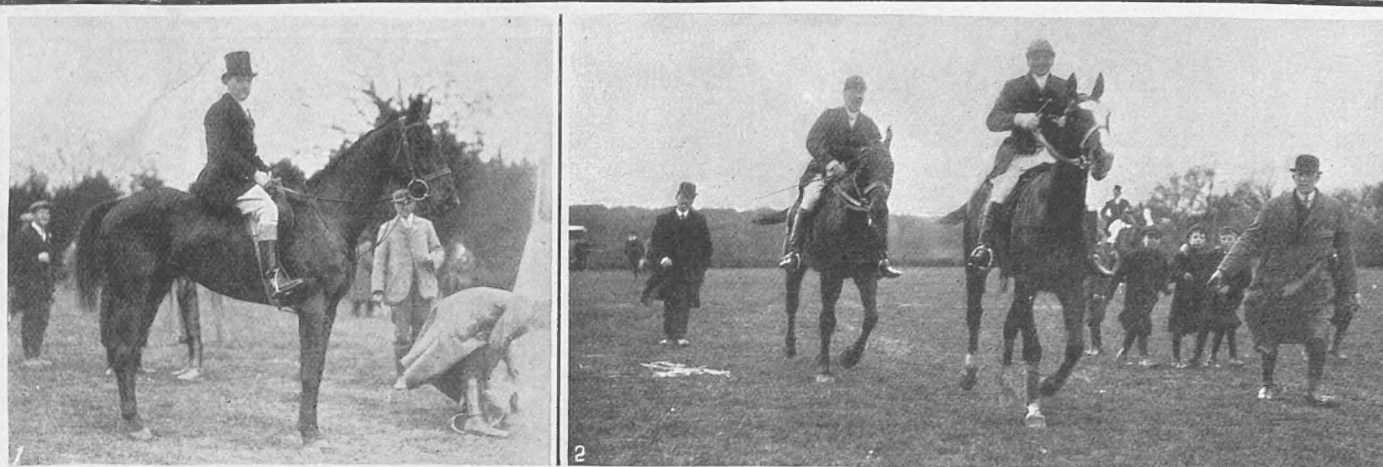
**Something Useful About Shoes.**

"Among the other fashions that have been brought about lately," writes the expert on men's dress in one of my evening papers, "is that which has to do with the shape of the toes of boots and shoes. Narrow toes are quite out of fashion, and young men seem inclined to go to the opposite extreme, and have shoes with extremely ugly toes—square and high. A young man who wears shoes of this kind, with very wide laces, and also wears short trousers with the ends turned up, is giving the comic artist his opportunity. Few men can really afford to play such tricks with their personal appearance."

That is very well as far as it goes, but I venture to suggest that it leaves us all in doubt. You, friend the reader, or I may be the very man who is able to wear shoes with extremely ugly toes, with very wide laces, and also short trousers with the ends turned up. And, if we are that man, we ought to be told. It is not right that we should lose the chance because this style is not for the general. Personally, I think I shall chance it. I learn, also, that the right sort of sock this spring has a large and conspicuous pattern. If you don't know me when you meet me in the street, it will not be my fault.



## AT MALDON: THE RIFLE BRIGADE POINT-TO-POINTS.



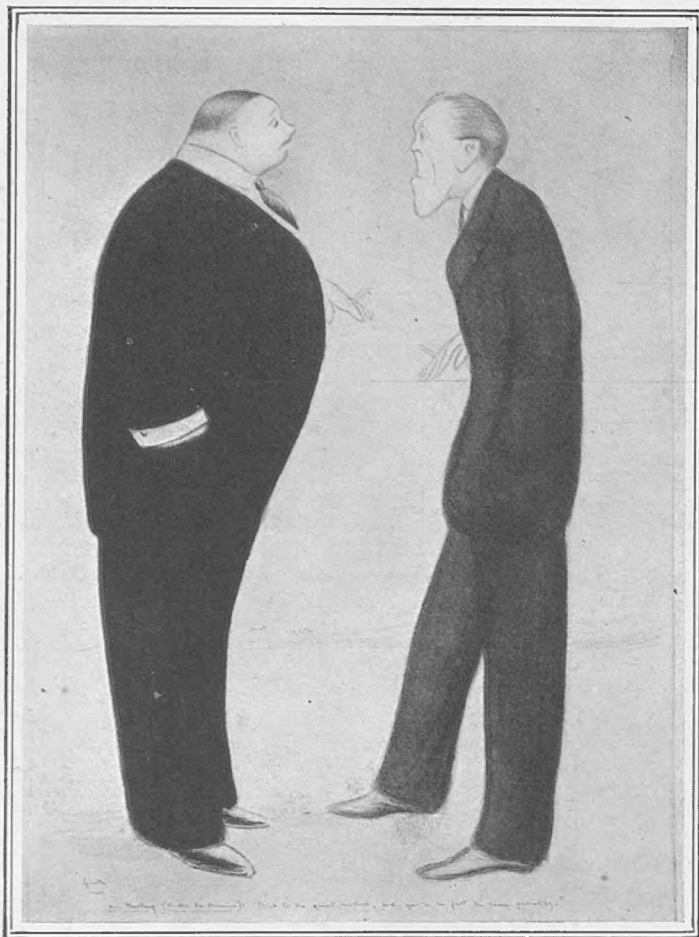
1. THE WINNER OF THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CUP: MR. G. W. LIDDELL ON HIS CERNEY.
2. FIRST AND SECOND IN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CUP: CAPTAIN H. V. SCOTT ON HIS SPOOK (FOREGROUND); AND CAPTAIN R. E. SOLLY-FLOOD ON HIS LINCOLN.
3. IN THE CART: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, LADY DE CRESPIGNY, AND GENERAL SIR RONALD LANE.

4. WALKING THROUGH THE MOTOR ENCLOSURE: SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND LADY DE CRESPIGNY.
5. WALKING OUT TO SEE ONE OF THE JUMPS: MRS. HARCOURT GOLD, MISS GOLD, AND MR. HARCOURT GOLD, WELL KNOWN AS AN OXFORD BLUE AND ROWING "COACH."

The Annual Point-to-Point Meeting of the Rifle Brigade was held last week at Champion Lodge, Maldon, by permission of Sir Claude de Crespiigny, who acted as the starter. Amongst those present was the Duke of Connaught, just returned from Canada. The Light-Weight Cup was won by Mr. G. W. Liddell's Cerney (Owner); the Heavy-Weight Cup, by Captain H. V. Scott's Spook (Owner); the Eastern Command and Greenjackets' Club Race, by Mr. J. C. Darling's Joan of Arc (Owner); and the Past and Present Cup, by Captain R. F. S. Grant's Castle Bagot (Owner).—Sir Claude Champion de Crespiigny, who was born in 1847, comes of an old Norman family. In 1872, he married Georgiana, daughter of Robert M'Kerrell. —Mr. Harcourt Gold, the famous Oxford Blue, stroked his University eight with remarkable skill in 1896, 1897, 1898, and 1899; since then he has shown himself a fine coach.—[Photographs by Sport and General and C.N.]

# BY THE ARCH SATIRIST: CARICATURES — IN

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE LEICESTER



"GIRTH.

"MR. HAWIREY (to MR DU MAURIER): Stick to the quiet method, and you'll be just the same presently."



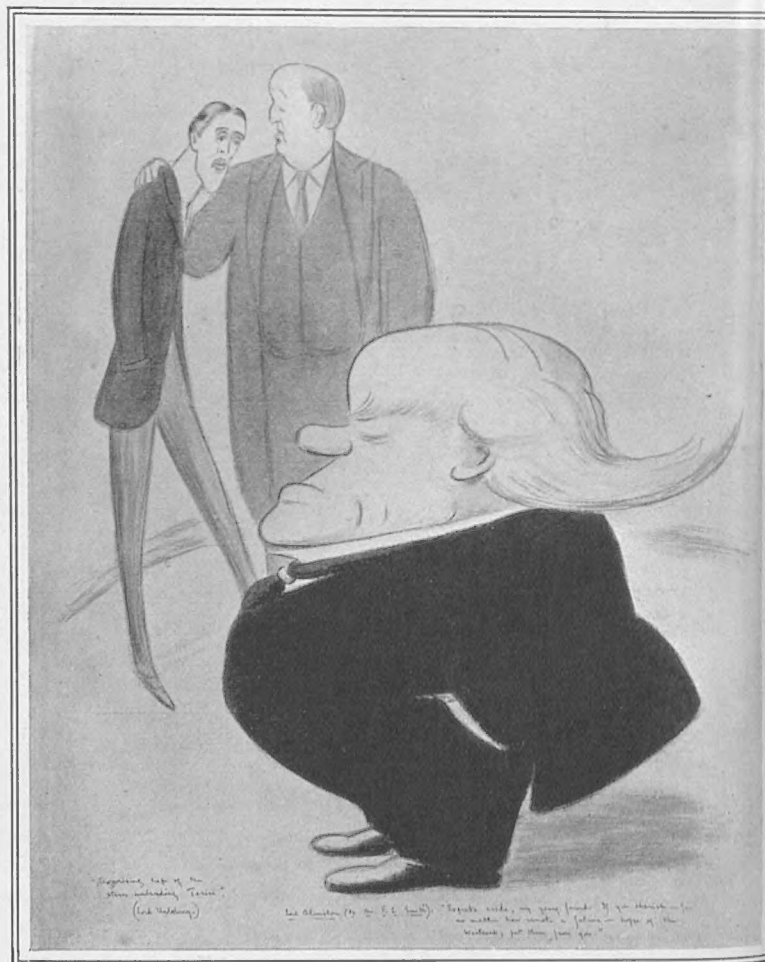
"ON CIRCUIT.

"MR. JUSTICE DARLING (to his MARSHAL): Oh, and get some bells sewn on this cap, will you?"



"AMURATH AND AMURAZZLE.

"MR. BALFOUR: What virtuosity! How sure, how firm a touch! What verve! What brio! What an instrument!"



"THE RISING HOPE OF THE STERN, UNBENDING TORIES': LORD HALSBURY.

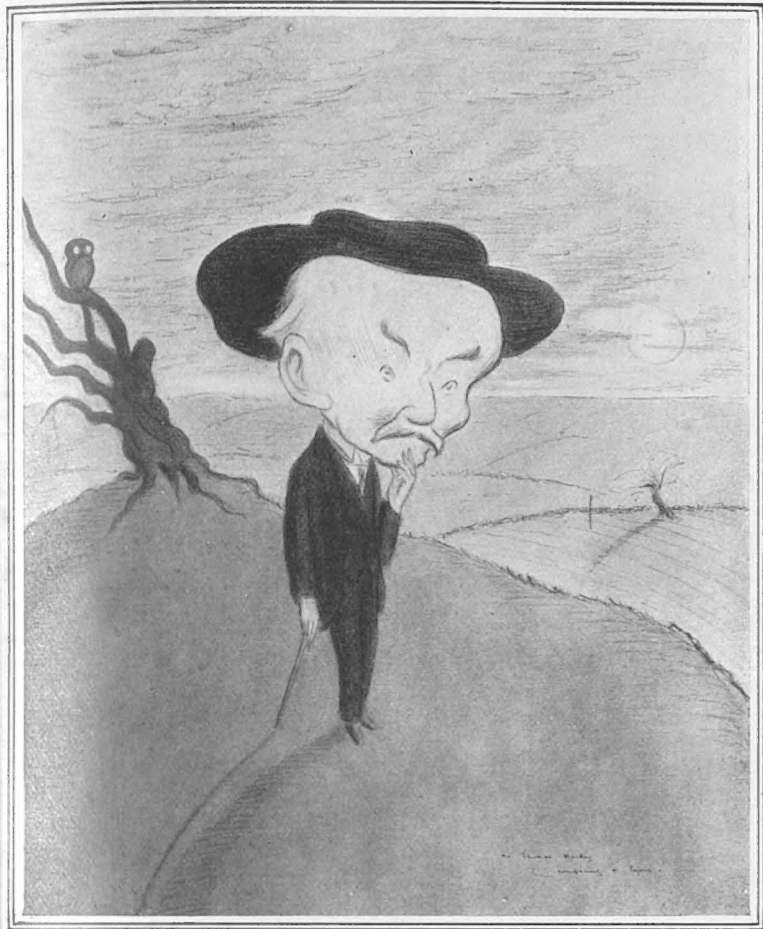
"LORD ALVERSTONE (to MR. F. E. SMITH): Experto crede, my young friend. If you cherish— for no matter how remote a future—hopes of the Woolsack, put them from you."

An exhibition of Mr. Max Beerbohm's latest caricatures was opened at the Leicester Galleries on Friday of last week. Needless to say, "Max" is as amusing as ever. His pictorial satire, if anything, shows a richer and mellower humour than ever, together with the same surprising knowledge of current events and a faculty for seeing, and making others see, their comic side. His

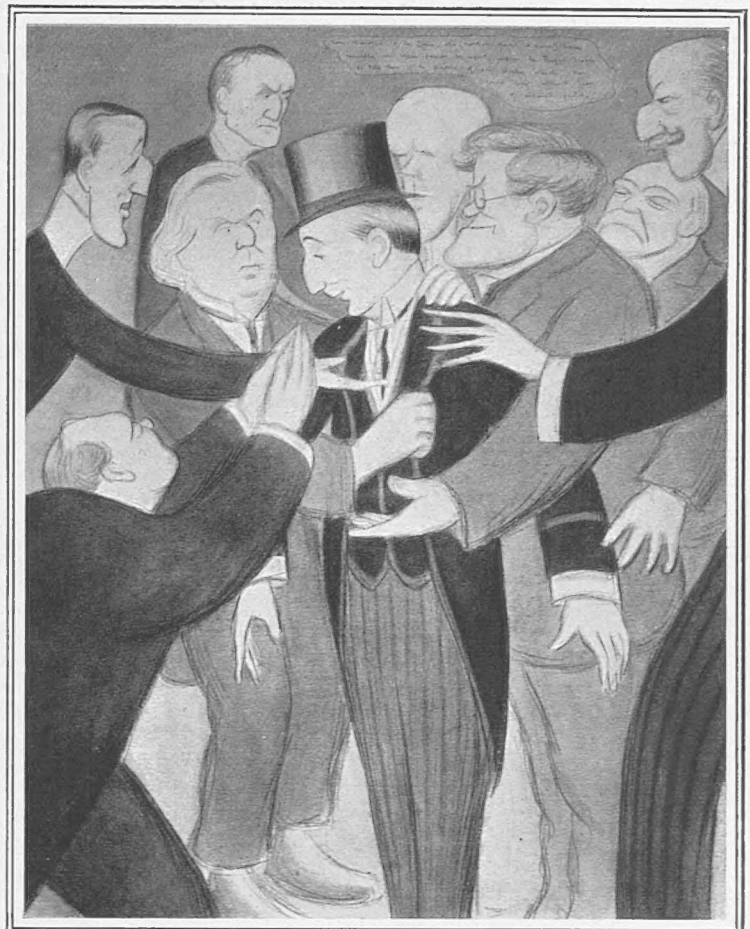


# WORD AND DEED—BY THE ONE AND ONLY MAX.

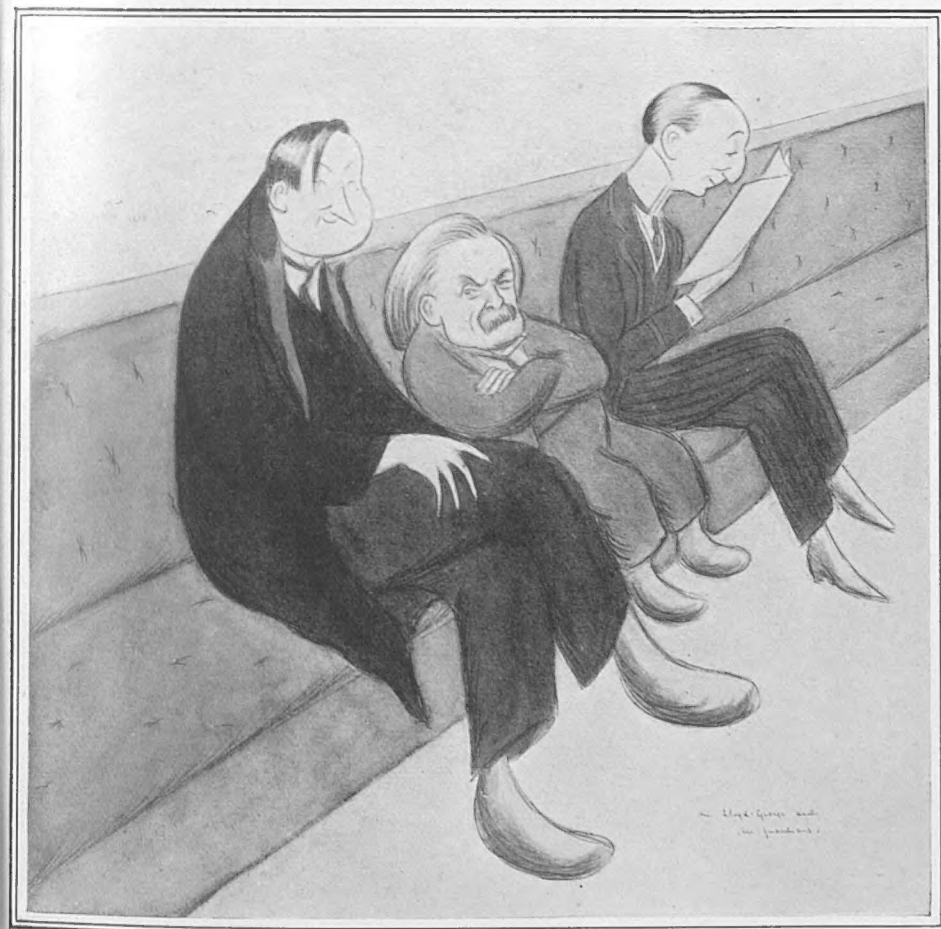
GALLERIES, AT WHICH THEY ARE EXHIBITED.



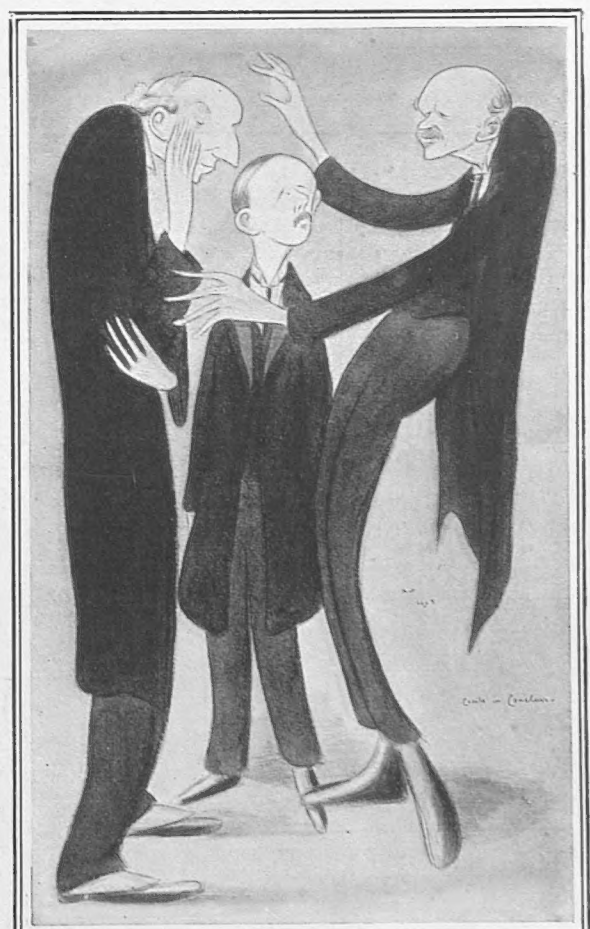
"MR. THOMAS HARDY COMPOSING A LYRIC."



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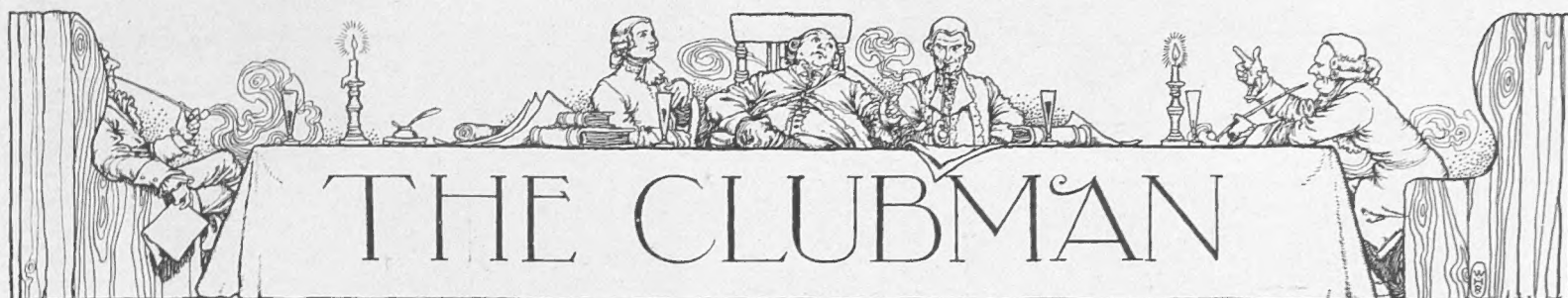
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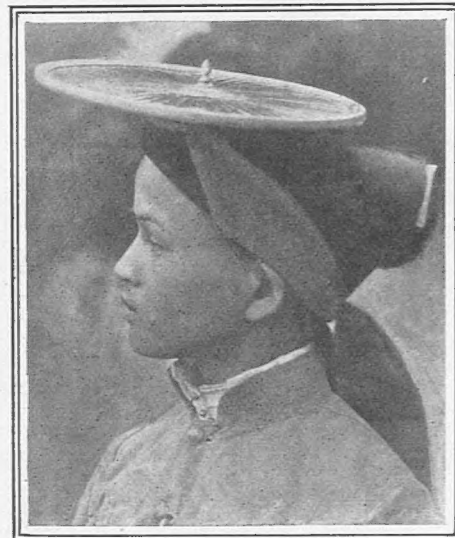


WHERE EVERY CAFÉ HAS ITS CINEMA SHOW: SAN SEBASTIAN IN SPRING.

**San Sebastian.** I do not think that any place looks so different at different times of the year as this big Spanish seaside town does according to the incidence of the season. The last time that I visited San Sebastian was in the early autumn. The harbour was full of yachts; and the King was daily taking part in yacht-races, sailing one of his own yachts. The royal flag flew above Miramar; the terrace of the Casino was crowded with gaily dressed people, and in the evening everyone dined out of doors. The club-house of the Real Club Nautico—which, though not really afloat, is built to represent a ship, with cabins and port-holes, companion-ladders, boats and a gun—always carried on its deck a company of pretty ladies; every hotel had its full complement of visitors; and there were balls nightly at the "Pearl of the Ocean" (the big bathing establishment on the beach) and at the Casino. It was pleasant on a hot day, after bathing, to use the funicular railway and to rise to the top of the mountain at the entrance to the bay, where there is a restaurant at which to breakfast, and the view from which is beautiful.

**The Northern Cold.** The north of Spain is cold this year—indeed, all Europe has shivered this spring—and the Spaniards do not like cold. The women go about with a wool muffler over their mouths; the men put on all their clothes, and carry a folded shawl on one shoulder as an extra covering to use when it rains. A grey sea buffets the buoys which mark the yacht-moorings; most of the restaurants and nearly all the villas in the town are closed; and three tea-tables set out at the café of "The Pearl of the Ocean" are a forlorn hope to attract the few Germans and Americans and British who are in the hotels here, halting on their way back from the south of Spain, or excursionists from Biarritz. The ship of the Club Nautico is out of commission, and when, on my arrival, I asked the hall-porter of the Maria Christina

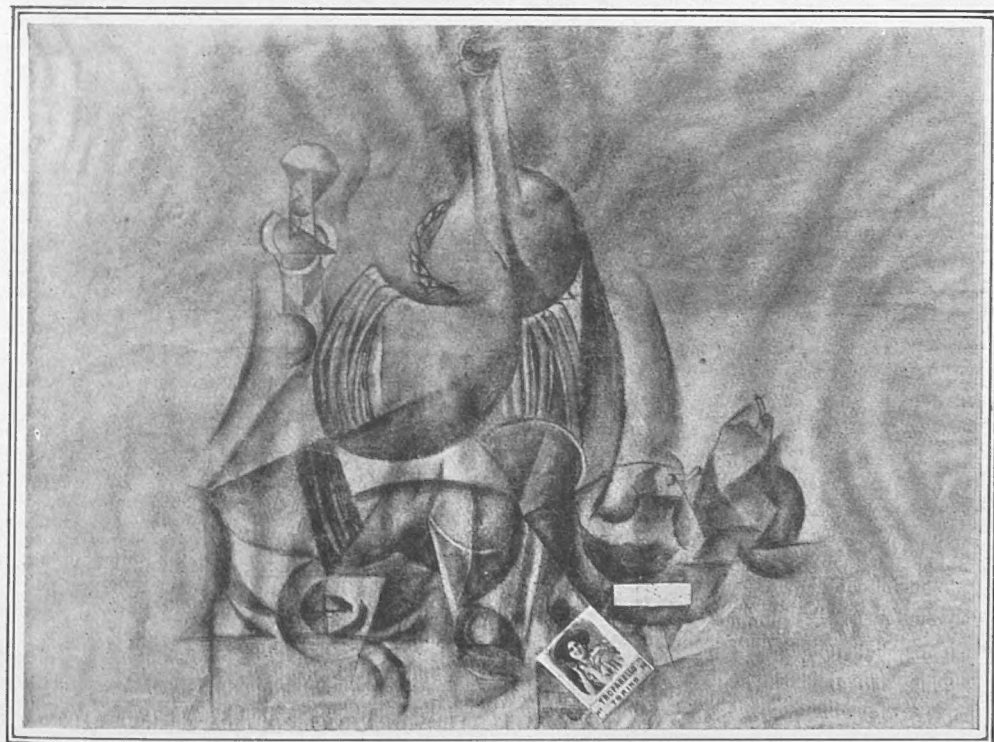
programmes—but every café in the town, to keep its patrons within its doors, gives a cinematograph performance in the afternoon and another in the evening. The announcement of the subjects of the films, written in white paint on the café windows or on the mirrors with which their walls are decorated, is puzzling until one understands that "The Cowboy's Revenge" is not a cocktail, and "The Last Rose" not a new brand of coffee. On my first evening in San Sebastian I passed through the Alameda at half-past nine in the evening on my way to the Casino, and was surprised to see all the lights in all the cafés suddenly go out. It was the time at which the cinematograph performances begin at the cafés, and the square was in darkness.



WHY SHOULD NOT MOTORISTS CARRY THE SPARE WHEEL SO! A REMARKABLE HEAD-DRESS IN TONKIN.

**At the Casino.** I had read in the French papers that roulette had recommenced in the San Sebastian Casino, and as soon as I had paid my franc for admission, a small page-boy directed me to go upstairs if I wished to play roulette or trente-et-quarante. I was in no hurry to lose my money, so I dallied on the lower floors, listened for a while to a small orchestra which was playing rag-time melodies (and when rag-time has penetrated into Spain it must be getting near the end of its vogue), looked into a reading-room, where quite a number of people were absorbed in looking at illustrated papers of all countries, and then set into motion the little horses in another room, where the croupiers were waiting around the green table for wagers to appear. The apparatus for spinning at San Sebastian is different from any I have seen elsewhere. Eighteen little horses go round, and the bank reserves for itself numbers 5 and 10, thus securing invincible odds against the players. In front of each of the little horses, on the inside of the ring, is a pocket to catch the ball. The ball drops through holes in a dish into the centre, and small revolving arms strike it until it is caught in one of the pockets. I lost five pesetas out of pure curiosity to see how the machinery worked, and then went upstairs to look at the roulette.

**Steady Gamblers.** In the big room upstairs I found two roulette-tables in play, and one for rouge-et-noir. I was asked my Christian name and my London address before I was allowed to go in, but when I asked what the subscription to the Club was, I was told that the pleasure of my company was all that was required. At one of the two roulette-tables no one was playing, and the croupiers were spinning the wheel and calling the number, either to keep themselves in practice or to see that the apparatus worked easily. Round the other roulette-table were grouped the most earnest players I have ever seen in a gaming-room. They were mostly elderly men, they punted with five-franc counters, and they kept voluminous records of the run of numbers. They might have been scientists working out some important problem with a roulette-wheel as an adjunct.



SHOWING A MATCH-BOX PICTURE STUCK ON: "STILL LIFE," BY SEVERINI—PUZZLE, DISENTANGLE THE OBJECTS.

Signor Gino Severini, the Futurist, whose "Café Monaco," which caused such a sensation in London last spring, has since been acquired by a public gallery in Germany, has a number of "plastic perceptions" on show at the Marlborough Gallery. In certain cases, he relies not only on paint, but on such alien objects as sequins stuck upon the canvas. He holds, amongst other opinions, that the time has gone by when the painter painted as the bird sings—that is to say, naturally, without thought.

Hotel what amusement there was in the town in the evening, he answered briefly, "The cinematograph and to gamble at the Casino."

**Cinematograph Fever.** The Spaniards seem to have taken the cinematograph fever very severely, if I can judge the rest of the towns by San Sebastian. Not only is the big theatre of the town, the Teatro Victoria Eugenia, given up to it with four performances a day—two



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO



THE INFANTE LOUIS FERNANDO—  
FOR GOING ON THE STAGE—FOR  
THE CAPTAIN SCOTT FUND.



THE FAIR UNKNOWN—A LADY PASSENGER ON THE "AGADIR"—  
FOR WEARING THE BREECHES BUOY TO COME ASHORE.



MISS HELEN SANDOW—FOR BEING  
A REAL SANDOW GIRL ON THE  
STAGE.



M. MELCHIOR LENGYEL—  
FOR BEING A HUNGARIAN  
AND KNOWING SO  
MUCH ABOUT THE JAPANESE  
(vide "TYPHOON.")



MRS. H. B. IRVING—  
FOR BEING ELECTED A  
MEMBER OF THE ST.  
PANCRAS BOARD OF  
GUARDIANS.



LORD NORTHAMPTON—  
FOR BEING (PROBABLY)  
THE FIRST MAN TO  
HIRE A WAR-SHIP FROM  
THE ADMIRALTY.



MISS OLIVE WHARRY—  
FOR HAVING ALMOST  
EQUALLED THE PRO-  
FESSIONAL RECORD IN  
FASTING.



SIR STUART SAMUEL—  
FOR PROVIDING A SOLU-  
TION OF THE RIDDLE,  
"WHEN IS AN M.P. NOT  
AN M.P.?"



KING NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO—FOR  
BEING A FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY OF  
A POWER THAT HAS CALLED HIM TO ORDER.



MISS ABRAHAM—FOR WINNING A RACE  
WITH A RAGTIME HORSE CALLED  
"HITCHY KOO."



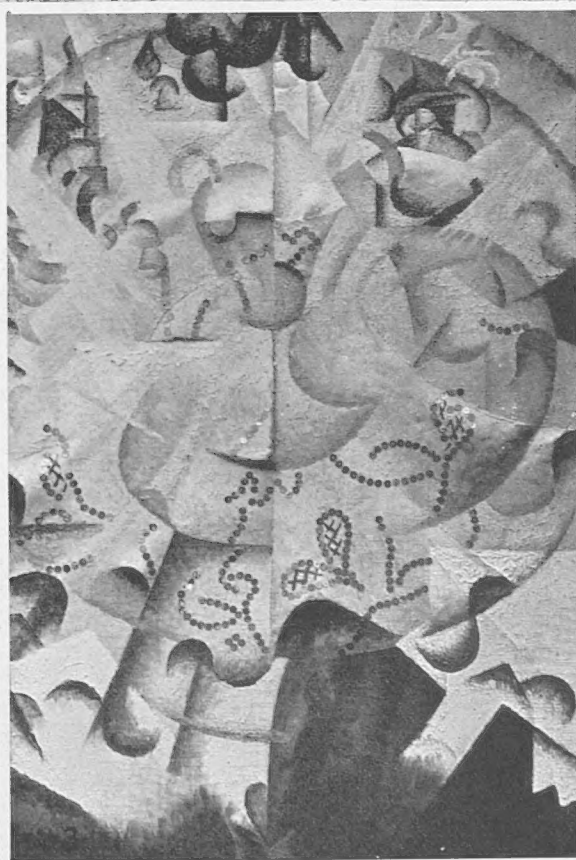
ADELINE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD—FOR GOING  
TO PRISON IN PORTUGAL—MERELY TO MAKE  
INQUIRIES.

It was recently stated that the Infante Louis Fernando of Spain was to appear at a charity performance in Paris on behalf of the Captain Scott fund.—At the wreck of the S.S. "Agadir" on the Moroccan coast the other day a number of the passengers (including ladies) were brought ashore in the breeches buoy.—Miss Helen Sandow, daughter of Mr. Eugen Sandow, took the title-part in "Véronique" in the recent four-days revival by the Lloyd's Operatic, Dramatic, and Musical Society.—Melchior Lengyel, the Hungarian dramatist, has lately become known to London playgoers by adaptations of two of his plays, "Typhoon," at the Haymarket, and "The Happy Island," at His Majesty's.—Mrs. H. B. Irving (Miss Dorothea Baird) has been elected to the St. Pancras Board of Guardians.—The Marquess of Northampton has hired H.M.S. "Sharpshooter" from the Admiralty to use it as a training-ship for boys.—Miss Olive Wharry, who was sentenced to 18 months for setting fire to the Kew tea pavilion, was released the other day. She said she had abstained from food for 32 days, and could have held out longer.—Sir Stuart Samuel, M.P. for Whitechapel, was recently declared by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to be disabled from sitting and voting in the House of Commons owing to his firm's contract with the Indian Government for the purchase of silver. According to some authorities, however, he still remained an M.P., as only death, resignation, or a decision of the House itself can unseat a member.—The fact that King Nicholas of Montenegro was recently called to order by Russia for his intransigent attitude towards the Powers lends piquancy to our photograph of him in the uniform of a Russian Field-Marshal.—At the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghoues Point-to-Points the other day, at Braywick, near Maidenhead, the Ladies' Cup was won by Miss Abraham's horse, Hitchy Koo. The cup was presented to her by Viscountess Bury.—Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, widow of the tenth Duke, has recently visited some Portuguese gaols in which a number of Royalists are imprisoned, and has protested against their condition.

Photographs by Hoppé, Illustrations Bureau, C.N., L.N.A., Lafayette, Newspaper Illustrations, and Benoliel.



## SEVERINI DEPICTS DANCERS—WITH REAL SEQUINS.



1. "TWO PERSONS FORM BUT ONE PLASTIC UNITY": "THE BEAR DANCE AT THE MOULIN ROUGE."

3. WITH REAL SPANGLES STUCK UPON THE CANVAS: "A DANCER AT PIGAL'S" WHICH IS PARTLY "ALMOST SCULPTURAL."

2. A DRAWING WITH INDICATIONS OF COLOUR: GEORGETTE OF THE FOLIES BERGÈRE.

4. WITH REAL SEQUINS STUCK TO IT: "A SPANISH DANCER, A DRAWING WITH INDICATIONS OF COLOUR."

The Futurist painter Gino Severini is exhibiting a number of his latest works at the Marlborough Gallery, in Duke Street, St. James's. In the introduction to the catalogue he says: "It has been my aim, while remaining within the domain of the plastic, to realise in the paintings and drawings which I am exhibiting forms which partake more and more of the nature of the abstract. . . . 'To perceive,' says Bergson, 'is, after all, nothing more than an opportunity to remember.' This is what I understand by plastic perception." "The Bear Dance at the Moulin Rouge" is described in the catalogue as follows: "Displacement of bodies in atmosphere. Two persons form but one plastic unity rhythmically balanced." Concerning Georgette of the Folies Bergère there is no comment. Of 'A Dancer at Pigal's' it is written: "The circular rhythmic movement of a dancer the folds of whose dress are held up by means of a hoop. . . . In order the better to convey the notion of relief I have attempted to model the essential portions in a manner which is almost sculptural. Light and ambience act simultaneously on the forms in movement." "A Spanish Dancer, a Drawing with Indication of Colour," has no other description. It will be noted that in the cases of "A Dancer at Pigal's" and "A Spanish Dancer" real sequins are stuck on.





### REAL DRAMA AT THE GAIETY: THE ALARM OF THE "NUTS" RELIEVED.

#### Ill-founded Rumours.

Before the production of "The Girl on the Film" there were quite alarming rumours in the papers. It was said that Mr. George Edwardes had planned a surprise for the patrons of the Gaiety, slightly weakened by disclosures in preliminary interviews concerning it—that the restless modern spirit had invaded the home of the sacred lamp of burlesque, and that those who reproach Gaiety drama with being chaotic were to be crushed by the presentation of a piece severely logical and purely dramatic—with concessions in the last act. We heard pathetic stories concerning the terror caused in some quarters by these portentous rumours. The "nuts"—the descendants of the "Johnnies" and the "crutch-and-toothpick" brigade—the true backbone of the famous playhouse, were said to be taking courses of mind-culture and brain-exercise; it was even asserted that some had tackled the works of Shaw and Ibsen in order to rise to the occasion. Of course, I believed in none of these things.

Men who have reached that period of life when they indulge in a belated mania for ices and hot lobster only in holiday time or on Saturdays are not easily gulled by this kind of newspaper invention; and, of course, I was right to be incredulous. The "nuts" and the boys may be undismayed—the grand old Gaiety is still herself; and though there may be moments during the first two acts of "The Girl on the Film" that seem a little un-Gaietyish, they are but moments, and you are led up to them gently. There are many broad landing-places where you may rest on the staircase that leads up to the very effective theatrical situation at the end of the second act, such as the scene where Miss Connie Ediss, dressed in bicyclist's bloomers, is wooed by Mr. Robert Nainby, who, to use her language, has suddenly "gone dotty," thanks to a bee in his bonnet—or rather, to a group of wasps on his head. There is nothing severely classical about the gambols of Miss Ediss when pursued by some of the amorous wopses.

**Cinema Stories.** The idea on which the main situation of the play is founded—that of a farmer mistaking for the German invasion a group of cinematograph artists working up a film of Napoleon at the Battle of Leipzig—is really quite comic. The wonder is that the stage has not seized before the funny newspaper stories about the contretemps due to open-air performances of air artists for film purposes. Goodness knows how many we have read! Some might hardly suit the stage. For instance, the latest from the States, about a body of North-American Indians engaged to work a film of a Redskin raid who, carried away by excitement, began really to scalp the stock company, and only desisted when chilled by the discovery that the leading lady wore a wig. In

the present case, the idea is worked up neatly by the German band of writers and composers that has invaded the Gaiety. Somehow, I have the rather Chauvinist feeling that one might find without difficulty more than one pair of English writers and composers who could have turned out as good a book and music. Moreover, whilst grumbling, I will add that it hardly seemed necessary to go abroad for the heroine, although Miss Emmy Wehlen is a sprightly young lady who sings pleasantly and acts with much energy, and is remarkably successful in speaking almost without a German accent. Still, I suppose the Gaiety is entitled, like more pretentious establishments, to say "Art has no country."

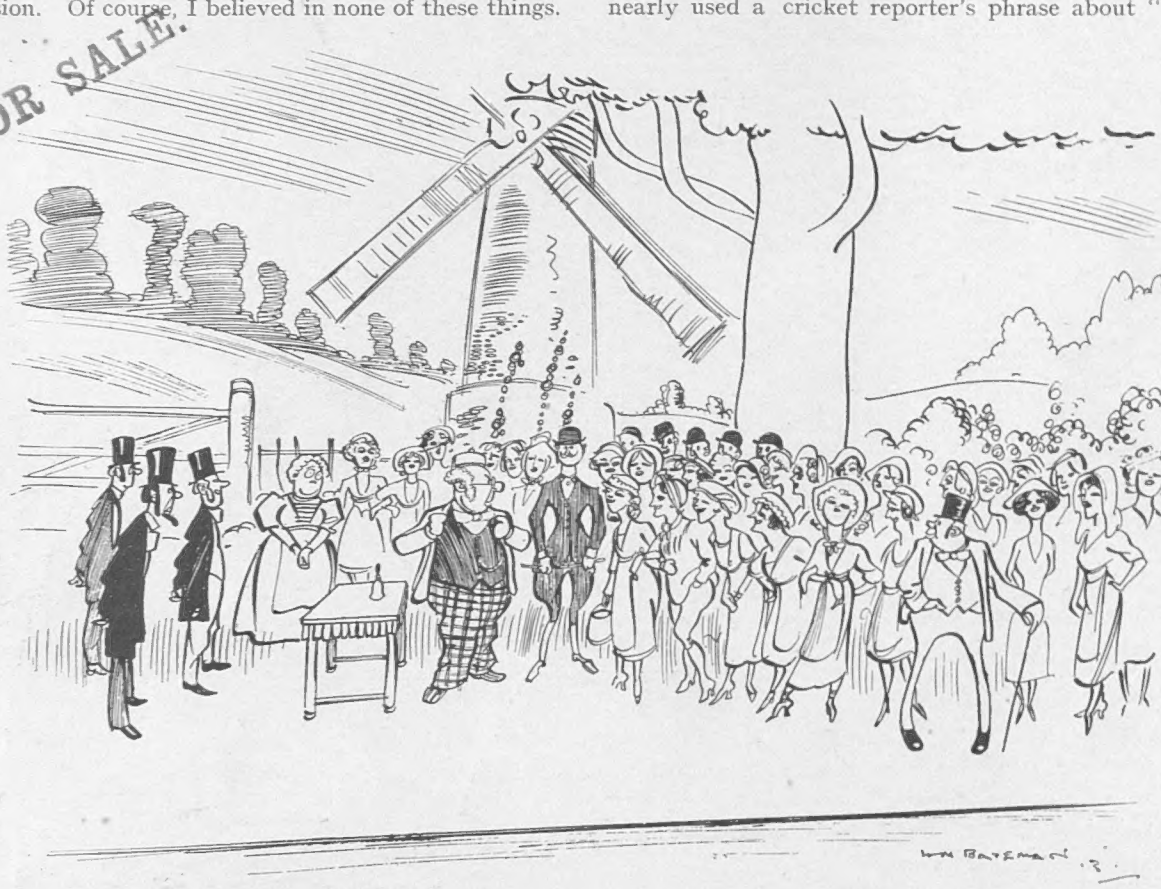
#### The Gaiety Company.

One change has come over the historic house. Mr. Edmund Payne and others long popular in it do not appear in "The Girl on the Film." I nearly used a cricket reporter's phrase about "the veterans," but

it might seem impolite. "The Old Guard" is, I fancy, the correct term, and considered complimentary. However, some of the Old Guard are left—for instance, the irrepressible Miss Connie Ediss, whose exuberant humours caused roars of laughter; and Mr. Nainby, who, as the prompter, worked prodigiously. And there is the "Middle Guard," represented by Mr. George Grossmith, who always delights the house; and Mr. George Barrett, quaintly comic as the patriotic farmer. Perhaps some will sigh for a low-comedian more "fruity" or with greater "body" than

those in the present company, but I do not. And there is Mr. Reginald Crompton, one of the Middle Guard at the Savoy, of whose work one has pleasant memories both of years ago and the other night. In the "Young Guard" one finds Mr. Charles Maude, with an agreeable touch of light-comedy in his acting, who sang very cleverly. Miss Madeleine Seymour, in the part of his sweetheart, played agreeably and sang pleasantly. Miss Gwendolen Brogden made quite a "hit" as Signora Gesticulata, acting with some fire, speaking her Italian with vivacity, and using her excellent voice skilfully. After all, I have forgotten the three German musicians and Mr. Melville T. Gideon, who wrote two of the songs. The serious critic might be suspicious as to the work of so many cooks, but the broth is of quite the acceptable style—lively tunes, swinging measures, an agreeable moderation in use of rag-time, and a waltz-song that the house was humming ere the last stanza was over, so no one cares what the serious critic thinks. The scenery, the dresses, and the chorus fully maintain the standard of the house, and one may safely use the cliché—kept in stock by some journals for use concerning Drury Lane and the Gaiety—that "the house has once more surpassed itself."

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



CORNELIUS CLUTTERBUCK TELLS THE CHORUS HOW HE WILL PREVENT THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Mr. George Barrett, as Clutterbuck, is seen standing by the table.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE GIRL ON THE FILM."



THE DRAMATISATION OF MUSICAL COMEDY: STRONG SITUATIONS AT THE GAIETY.

As "Monocle" points out in his article opposite on the new piece at the Gaiety, "The Girl on the Film," there were some misgivings among the "nuts" before its production, owing to rumours that it would be severely dramatic, and would tax their intellectual resources in a way likely to cause brain-fever. The reality, however, has relieved these alarms, showing that it is quite possible to combine a continuous plot and effective situations with all the traditional fun and high spirits of the popular house. The Gaiety, in fact, as our Artist indicates, is gayer than ever.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## LADY ABERDEEN.

OF the two Ladies Aberdeen, the one of fact and the other of fiction, the former is infinitely the more attractive. It is impossible to encounter the lady of the anecdotes, either in print or in spoken gossip, without conjuring up a mental portrait of the lady of reality. Try to fit her into the distorted picture that

is so often thrust before one: it is impossible to reconcile the two. The heroine (or something worse) of the old wives' tales is not the Lady Aberdeen of real life.

## The Two Humours.

In the first place, Lady Aberdeen's eyes give the lie (ever so gently!) to the notion that her charities are unwise, that she misunderstands the poor, that she offends the Dublin sense of humour. The only thing she might honestly be accused of offending is Dublin's lack of humour — the lack of humour of the Dublin of officialdom; the only people whom she might with any sort of justice be thought to misunderstand are not the poor, but the rich. In any case, there must surely be a better word than "misunder-

and faster. The visitor turned to go, but just then the door was opened and he was admitted. "I do hope you were not kept waiting," said Lady Aberdeen after greeting him. "You see, this is the Servants' Weekly Games Day, and the household is so excited; everything is at sixes and sevens!"

## Her Greatest Friends.

One thing quite certain in Dublin is that the poor are fond of her. Even after she has written three volumes on their diseases, and plied them with physic, they still regard her as their friend. Her own great griefs in life are akin to theirs; the loss of a son, the spoiling of maternal hopes, these are woes common to the Castle and the back-street. She says that she has not only given consolation in the slums, but found it there. As for her work on Ireland's Crusade against Tuberculosis, she knows quite well that a certain section of Society would prefer to have less said of the prevalence of the scourge. There is the Season to keep in mind, and the prosperity of the city, which might suffer if the notion got abroad that it was a centre of disease. But Lady Aberdeen does not hush up because she is told to. She attacks in Dublin the problems she would attack in London, or any other city where the need and her duty seemed clear to her.

## Her Apologia.

As the editor of reports and treatises and commentaries, she has done her work extraordinarily well, but an easier book to write and to read was "Through Canada with a Kodak." Like Mrs. Asquith's privately printed account of a Scottish journey, it provides a short cut to an understanding of its author. It is one way of guessing at Lady Aberdeen's smile. A President of the International Council of Women, of the Irish Industries Association, and of three or four other similar bodies, and a founder of the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada, she also started and christened the Onward and Upward Association. And if she is complimented on her charities, she explains that they are all part of a mission to herself — "she has her soul to keep."

## Lord Aberdeen.

The Lord Lieutenant is a man of parts. In Canada, not content to remain a Governor-General, he became a ranchman as well, and he still holds large fruit-farms in the Dominion. The Duke of Sutherland has more acres there, but Lord Aberdeen the better pears. His looks justify the revival of Byron's name for the fourth Earl — "Athenian" Aberdeen, for his features are clean-cut as those of a sculptured athlete of the fifth century B.C. In a mild way he is himself a sportsman, but with as keen a love of market-gardening as of fox-hunting. His wardrobe contains more gowns from the Universities of Scotland, England, and the Continent of America than waistcoats, and in another direction his social achievements are somewhat limited: his only dance is a polka — which explains its unusual preponderance on the Viceregal programmes.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

John Campbell Gordon, P.C., K.T., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., LL.D., seventh Earl of Aberdeen and a Baronet, was born on Aug. 3, 1847, and succeeded in 1870. He was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, 1881-5; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, January to July 1886; and Governor-General of Canada, 1893-8. In December 1905, he again became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. At the Coronation of King George he bore the Standard of the Dominion of Canada. He has ceased to use the surname and arms of Hamilton.

Photograph by Lafayette.

standing" for her attitude towards the small group of people who are discontented with the present régime in Dublin. She understands the "smart," the unpleasantly "smart," view of life well enough to be in complete disagreement with it.

## "The Extraordinary Smile."

It may be objected that this is rather much to read in any eyes. But Lady Aberdeen's are remarkable. They have "sweetness and light"; they are wise and kind, humorous and penetrating; they are as famous as her smile. "An ordinary woman with an extraordinary smile" was the initial impression of a man who makes history in America when he first saw her across the Canadian border. He had gone to Ottawa to observe the imported formalities of a Governor-General's court, prepared to be amused by its stiffness; but the thing that impressed him most was the angelic good-humour of Lady Aberdeen. An English Lord Chief Justice, on the other hand, who went expecting to see a much freer and easier state of things than he allowed in his own particular Court, found himself reminded ten minutes after his arrival of some minor law of precedence he had neglected to observe. "We're kept in our places here," he growled, and behaved himself for the rest of his visit.

## Romps.

Formality, however, is not the chief characteristic of her court. One of the very few stories, out of a multitude, bearing a real resemblance to her or her ways, purports to come from a Liberal Minister. It is a caricature, but, at any rate, not a libel. The First Lord (if it was he), called at the Castle and rang the bell, but without effect. After ringing again, he peered through the glass panels, at the side of the door, into a deserted interior. Just as he turned to go, he saw Lady Aberdeen, her skirts well tucked up, rush across the hall, as if from one place of concealment to another. A moment after a servant also ran across the Minister's field of vision in the same direction,



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1877, Lady Aberdeen was known as the Hon. Isabel Maria Marjoribanks, daughter of the first Baron Tweedmouth. (Photograph by Lafayette.)



## PERSONALITIES: "SNAPS" AT THE MELTON HUNT MEETING.



1. THE EARL OF LONSDALE (ON THE RIGHT).

2. MRS. BURNAH, AND MRS. FORESTER, WIFE OF CAPTAIN F. W. FORESTER, MASIER OF THE QUORN.

3. THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY AND LADY DE TRAFFORD.

4. LADY TWEEDMOUTH, THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX, AND LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER.

5. VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA AND MR. ARTHUR PRYOR.

6. LADY LETTICE HARRISON AND MR. PRYCE HARRISON.

7. LADY ROBERT MANNERS AND MRS. LINDSAY.

8. MRS. ARKWRIGHT AND THE MARQUESS OF CHOIMONDELEY.

Lord Lonsdale was born in 1857, and in 1878 married Lady Grace Cecilie Gordon, daughter of the tenth Marquess of Huntly.—The Marquess of Cholmondeley, who was born in July 1858, is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and acted for the reign of King Edward VII. In 1879, he married Winifred Ida, daughter of the late Colonel Sir Robert Nigel Fitzhardinge Kingscote.—Before her marriage to the third Baronet, in 1886, Lady de Trafford was known as Miss Violet Franklin. She is the daughter of the late Captain James Franklin, 77th Regiment and 6th Royals.—The Countess of Essex, whose wedding took place in 1893, was known before that event as Adela, daughter of the late Beach Grant, of New York.—Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, born in November 1880, is the elder of the Duke of Roxburghe's two brothers.—Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of Earl Cadogan, married Lillian Eleanore Marie, daughter of George Coxon, of Craigleith, Cheltenham.—Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, daughter of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, married Mr. Pryce Harrison in 1911.—Lady Robert Manners, wife of the Duke of Rutland's younger half-brother, was known before her marriage, in 1902, as Mildrid Mary, daughter of the late Rev. C. P. Buckworth, and widow of Major H. E. Buchanan-Riddell.—[Photos. by Sport and General and Topical.]



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



WELL KNOWN AS A SOCIETY PORTRAITIST, MISS OLIVE SNELL, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN EBEN LECKY PIKE. Miss Snell, whose work is familiar to readers of "The Sketch," is to be married to-day in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. She is the only daughter of Mr. Edward Snell, of 5, Rutland Gate. The reception is to be held at Seaford House, Belgrave Square, lent by Lord and Lady Howard de Walden.

they became engaged after only a three weeks' acquaintance. It is a question whether her sister's espousals with Lord Lovat were more quickly arranged—at most there was only a difference of three or four days in the period of probation. In days of old, eligible babies were betrothed to each other in their cradles. The new fashion is for strangers to fall in love in maturity at almost a first meeting; and which is the more romantic method it is difficult to say.

"Spoons." The difference which the death of Mr. Pierpont Morgan is likely to make in the sale-rooms is much discussed, for the withdrawal of a competitor who would pay anything for a picture or a book or a manuscript he really wanted must almost certainly affect a market of variable and even fantastic values. Perhaps the forthcoming sale of every stick and stone that the Brownings possessed will be affected by the disappearance of the boldest bidder. The man whose fortune is something less than a hundred millions may get a chance of possessing the love-letters, or even the manuscript of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." But there are lesser relics for lesser purses, and even a pauper may yet stir his tea with a silver spoon bearing that rather obtrusive crest of the Brownings which used to put the late Dr. Furnivall really out of temper.

*Not Banbury Cross.* Captain Banbury, whose engagement to Miss Reixach is announced, is a son of Sir Frederick Banbury, the famous Member for London City, who is, in his own words, prepared "to talk at any length, at any time, on any

LORD DESBOROUGH has returned to Taplow Court full of Kitchener, the Khalifa—or rather, of the errors of his old régime—and of the wart-hog. He is not sure which of the three, in their different ways, was the best sportsman. The population disappeared in millions, according to Lord Desborough, under the Khalifa's treatment: Lord Kitchener he found to be a delightful combination of a martinet with repression in his eye (in office hours) and a dance host of the first order. The wart-hog is a game fighter, but it was for the water-buck that Lord Desborough plunged in up to his neck. Another "sport" of whom he has many anecdotes is Sir Rudolph Slatin, whose guest he was in the Sudan.

## The Wyndham Wedding.

Lord Ribblesdale is one of the

men who really cannot face the fag of housekeeping. A Jermyn Street hotel offers him a refuge from the grind of domestic government, and his house in Green Street is let to a cousin, who lends it for the great occasion of Lady Diana Lister's wedding. Lady Diana was therefore a goddess with no very definite heaven when Mr. Percy Lyulph Wyndham met her, and



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN EDWARDS OSBORNE, MISS MARY VIOLET MITCHELL-THOMSON. Miss Mary Violet Mitchell-Thomson is the younger daughter of Sir Mitchell Mitchell-Thomson, Bt., of 6, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, and Polmood, Peeblesshire. Mr. Osborne, late of the 52nd (Oxfordshire) Light Infantry, is the son of Mr. Jere Osborne, of Clifton, Bristol.

Photograph by Langlier.



TO MARRY MISS OLIVE SNELL TO-DAY (APRIL 16): CAPTAIN EBEN LECKY PIKE.

Captain Lecky Pike, of the Grenadier Guards, is the son of Mr. Robert Lecky Pike, D.L., of Kilnock, Co. Carlow. (Photograph by Mayall.)

subject." Being an old Winchester boy, and willing to fire away as long as the Whips desire, Sir Frederick is known as "The Repeater." A trustee and manager of the Stock Exchange, and a Director of the Great Northern, he is sufficiently a City man to

satisfy the requirement of a business constituency. His political father, Mr. Balfour, is a child in just those things in which Sir Frederick is old in wisdom; "Thanks so much; I will put you through the German philosophers in return," said A. J. B. with a twinkling eye when his City friend had finished expounding some mystery of the "Mart."

*Face Fashions.* The cartoonists go their own way, regardless of minor changes in their models. It would never do to disturb the popular conception of a public man by watching him too narrowly. Mr. Max Beerbohm, it is true, has depicted the various fashions of his own cheek and chin, and he again figures in black and white on an invitation-card of one of his exhibitions. The likeness is very exact, save that it is too old. The Liberal party, as it happens, does little to belie the accepted rendering of its features; Mr. Asquith's cropping is the first revolution of its kind for some time past.

## Barbarous!

Mr. Asquith is dodging the cartoonists. The little outstanding monoplanes of silver hair, spreading over the ears, have gone. It seems to be taken for granted that the new scheme is intentional, a trimming with a purpose; but another explanation is that the swift shears of an unthinking barber did most barbarous execution before the P. M. could intervene. One of Mr. Asquith's many opportunities of hearing the views of the country on affairs of state is during such interviews; but a good barber never launches a strong opinion, unless assured it will be welcome. The Premier, to get an honest view of Winston or himself, must become an ordinary customer and ask leading questions.



TO MARRY ON SATURDAY (19TH): MISS EVELYN PELLY AND CAPTAIN T. H. RIVERS-BULKELEY.

Captain Rivers-Bulkeley, Scots Guards, is Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, and was his Comptroller in Canada. He is the eldest son of Colonel C. Rivers-Bulkeley. Miss Pelly, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, is the daughter of Lady Lillian Yorke and the late Sir Henry Pelly, Bt. The wedding will be at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on the 19th.

Photograph by Topton.



REALLY AND TREWLY NEW! A "TROUSER" EFFECT.



THE HANDS-IN-THE-POCKET DRESS: A MODE PERMITTING A MASCULINE HABIT TO THE FAIR.

Following our policy of dealing in "The Sketch" with every fresh phase of fashion—however freakish it may seem—we give here photographs of the new two-pocket dress, which we have labelled "The Hands-in-the-Pocket."

*Photograph by Schneider.*



### THE EGREGIOUS GULF STREAM: AN INCORRIGIBLE JOKER.

IF there is one thing that more than anything else gets on my nerves it is listening to people who entertain a high opinion of the Gulf Stream. I have over and over again heard this irresponsible and undependable—not to say malevolent—freak of Nature spoken of in terms of unmitigated adulation. There exist amongst us those who are not ashamed to be obsessed by the idea that the Gulf Stream comes as a boon and a blessing to the British Isles, and who, in their omnivorous ignorance, are prepared at a moment's notice to fall down and worship it. They will unblushingly ascribe to it attributes which it does not possess, and virtues which are the creatures of their misguided imaginations. They are firmly convinced that but for it these islands would be a dreary expanse of ice and snow, and they metaphorically doff their hats and burn incense whenever the thing is mentioned. As a matter of fact, this wayward waste of water is almost solely responsible for the majority of the troubles that beset us. I am ready enough to concede that the Scilly Islands may have reason to congratulate themselves upon its existence, but I am completely unimpressed by the importance of the Scilly Islands as an integral portion of the United Kingdom. Through the medium of bulbs they do, I believe, succeed in providing us with a supply of daffodils, which enable us to indulge in a certain amount of table-decoration,



DESERTED DURING THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE ANTI-BETTING LAW, BUT TO BE "REVIVED": THE JAMAICA COURSE FIELD-STAND, NEW YORK.

but beyond that they strike me as contributing but little to the greatness of the British Empire. At any rate, the prosperity of a population which has subsisted from time immemorial by a penurious reciprocity in the taking in of washing can hardly be regarded as a matter of the highest import, and it is to this unedifying end alone that the Gulf Stream appears to pay attention.



IN ITS DESERTED CONDITION: THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE BELMONT PARK COURSE (NOW AN AERODROME).

The State Supreme Court, it is announced from New York, has modified the Hughes anti-betting law forbidding betting on race-courses or in pool-rooms. The decision allows oral betting where no money is exchanged between the betters, and relieves stewards from personal liability unless they have guilty knowledge of the breaking of the law. As an immediate result, a revival of horse-racing in New York is announced.

(Continued opposite.)

#### Its Wilfulness.

I am actuated by no blind and malicious dislike of the Gulf Stream. I do not object to it in theory. I will go so far as to admit that, in theory, there is much to be said for it. I even find it pleasant to think that Nature has evolved a device by which a flow of warm water, coming from where I know not, is constantly employed in allowing us to live under non-glacial conditions; but what I do say is that a contrivance endowed with such power for good and ill should display some signs of a sense of responsibility. It should have the courage of its convictions, and should never permit itself to blow, so to speak, hot and cold. No really self-respecting Gulf Stream should descend to vagaries. It should realise the immensity of its mission, and should make up its mind to act in such a way that its beneficiaries could at all times pin their complete faith to it. No; this is precisely what

the Gulf Stream as at present constituted does not choose to do. Inspired, apparently, by a sense of humour which has become warped in the course of the ages, it has lost sight of the fact that it was originally intended to perform merely routine work, and has conceived the notion of varying the monotony of perpetual motion by indulging in practical jokes of the most unjustifiable pattern. During the so-called winter through which we have just passed it decided, with impish ingenuity, that we should experience no single feature with which we are accustomed to associate the normal winter. In vain did the Londoner look from his window morning after morning in hope of witnessing the Christmas-card beauties of a snow-clad Metropolis. All to no purpose did he furbish up his skates and prepare himself for graceful evolutions on the ringing ice. The Gulf Stream had willed it that such delights were not for him, and an exhibition of impotent fury was his solitary satisfaction.

#### A Desperate Situation.

Taken by itself, this effort at fun-making might conceivably be

forgiven, but it is when we recall the rigours of last August that we begin to grasp how deep-laid is the whole scheme, and how deliberate is the desire to incommode. Owing to this persistent disregard of the ordinary decencies of behaviour, the Englishman is forced to keep himself equipped with a wardrobe of the most expensive diversification. He never knows from one hour to another in what thickness or thinness of raiment he will be called upon to array himself. Fur coats may be indispensable to July, and flannels desirable and appropriate to February. The flora and fauna of the countryside do the most unexpected and desperate things in their attempts to keep pace with these outbursts of perverted jocosity, while man is kept on continual tenterhooks, unable to decide upon what foundation to base his mode of diet, his itinerary, and his costume. No wonder that the emigration agents have their hands full, and that thousands of our able-bodied citizens are leaving our shores and hastening to localities which are not dependent upon and subject to this heartless practitioner in booby-traps. No wonder that when we go through the streets we pass through avenues of gloomy and discontented faces. I do not know whether science is capable of doing anything actually useful, but it would be of incalculable benefit if something could be done to remedy this state of things, even if it came to the abolition of the Stream in question. Better, it seems to me, have done with it; better revert at once to the Glacial Period. At any rate, we should then know where we were.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



WHEN THE ANTI-BETTING LAW WAS IN FULL SWING: THE DESERTED BETTING-RING OF GRAVESEND COURSE.

(Continued.)  
—An eighteen-days' meeting will begin on May 30 in Belmont Park, and there will be racing also, for example, on the Jamaica course. A new system of credit betting is to be established. For a considerable time past the racing-tracks have been closed to horse-racing. Belmont Park was used as an aerodrome, and Brighton Beach as a motor-drome; while the old Morris Park is being cut up into building plots.



TO SEE A REVIVAL OF HORSE-RACING, THE DESERTED JAMAICA COURSE CLUB-HOUSE.

Photographs by Jack Ball.



PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SALE



IX.—THE MAN WHO IS FRIGHTENED ABOUT HIMSELF.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



## BOADLERISM AND A KIMONO, AND "NIGHTIES WITHOUT ENDS."

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*

I T was a clean, tidy, girlish handwriting—that of a little reader of mine who signs "Boad" and many crosses: "Dearest Madame Trolly-Curtin,—Are you entirely given over to vice?" My first impulse was to rub my eyes and read again; then, remembering my kohl, I rubbed not, but carefully collapsed in robust and friendly arms. "Alas!" sobbed I drily (still on account of the kohl), "and this is the result of a youth-time of self-restraint, without mentioning that of others! . . . But I will drink the bitter cup to the post-script," I said with sad resolution. There is nothing like probing one's sorrow for finding out how futile it often is. The rest of the letter was balm on my wounded vanity: "Are you entirely given over to vice? You look it in that hat on that lovely photograph of yours. Is it a velours hat? I have one like that—it can be crushed to any shape." (Yes, yes; but why, Boad, should I share the fate of your hat?) Fortunately, here is a blessed explanatory foot-note from Boad's mamma. It seems Boad does have not only a crushable hat, but also a crushing aunt who does not approve of Boad in that famous hat. "The child," said she, "looks abandoned in that hat." The child ran to the dictionary and looked up the "a's." "Abandoned," she read—"entirely given over to vice"!!!

No, Boad dear; my hat is suède, not velours, but we are kindred spirits, all the same. And why do you love me, child? You must not trust that photograph. It is, if I remember right, a full-face one. A profile one would have revealed what my friend Percival picturesquely calls "my switchback nose," and then you would not find me at all "entrancing." I will not quote the rest of your thuriferous epistle (dictionary to Boad's rescue!), though I would love to. The world is villainous, child; it would accuse me of vanity. I—fancy! But there are things I want to say to you. Don't think I am preaching. It's not a lesson in morals; just a little hint in humanity—you don't mind, Boad, do you? You say you love "pretty, nice people." Those are the ones that need it less. Try and love those that you cannot like. Any woman with half-an-ounce of intelligence can plead pretty. But I don't want you to love me under false pretences. I am not quite sure that I am nice, I am quite sure that I am not pretty; but were I both, I would not want you to love me for those two reasons, but because I am I. Love, Boad, is an accident; and, like all accidents, without either reason or purpose. You can sometimes analyse your liking; you cannot analyse your love. Also, Boad, when you grow up (let it be in a very long time), you will talk less of prettiness and more of beauty, and you will discover that ugly things can be extraordinarily beautiful, while pretty things can make you gnash your teeth. That will come at the time when you will prefer an Old Master to a calendar picture; and a *man* with a dear, brave, crinkled face and grey

temples to a stage tenor in pink tights! And, Boad, I don't think your mamma should have given you "Phrynette Married" to read; and, Boad, you should not have "enjoyed best the

part where Phrynette runs away with Blaise." It was silly of her to do so. To run away *with* someone is a paradox. You have heard of prisoners scaling walls with hands still manacled? Well, Boad, they believe they are escaping—they are merely changing cells, and the next cell will be doubly barred and padlocked. . . . And I, hope, Boad, that you do not understand my sad logic. You and I, little one, must have a long talk together—in five years. Meanwhile, I have learned that I must be careful of what I write, and behave myself, since a babe is watching me, bless her!

In truth, one has to be mightily careful of one's p's and q's. Here I am being challenged—most amiably, I admit—by Dr. Jaeger (or some of his disciples), whose name I took lightly, but not in vain, in one of my last talks. How could I imagine that any *doctus* person would peruse my frivolities?

"I have looked up carapace" (it seems as if the dictionary is a favourite book with my readers!) "and I find that it means the shell of the crab, the tortoise, etc. The connection between

them and Jaeger's presumably exists in the et-ceteras, on which I am not informed. I also do not know what 'nighties without ends' are. Will you accept the enclosed et-cetera, and would you mind looking through the enclosed catalogue and tell me why they should 'demoralise grown-up women'?" The enclosed "et-cetera" was a pretty kimono dressing-jacket, for which many thanks; and in truth, Dr. Jaeger, I feel uncommon moral in it. There was, I trust, in what I wrote no imputation on the excellence of Dr. Jaeger's goods. If he had read carefully, he would have seen that my mild sarcasm was directed at my own sex. By "carapace" I meant an effective covering; and by "nighties without ends" I meant the sort of nocturnal vestments in which I enclose my baby boy before putting him to bed. It begins under the chin and ends nowhere. It is a bag for bad boys who will put their tootsies from under the sheets.

I had meant to write to-day about the paintings of Miss Rice at the Baillie Gallery, but it will be for next week, for here is the end of my page. Dry up, O Onoto mine! And only two of my correspondents have I answered. Will the other charming people who honour me with their letters please be patient with me? I am not like Julius Caesar—was it?—who could dictate seven different letters at the same time to his typewriter girls. No wonder he shed his locks before his time, poor chap!

N.B. — Someone will be sure to write and point out that in 101-44 B.C. there were tablets and scribe slaves, not typewriter girls. That was my innocent, feeble little joke. Respect to the weak!



"SNAPPED" AT A POINT-TO-POINT: MRS. FORBES, MISS HURT, MISS LUCY STRUTT, AND MISS STRUTT.

*Photograph by Howard Garrett.*



DAUGHTER OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA: PRINCESS ILEANA.

Princess Ileana was born on Dec. 23, 1908.

*Photograph by Mandy.*



MILITANT — BUT . WARY — MAMMA !



"BUT WHEN IT COMES TO SLAUGHTER, I LEAVE THINGS TO MY DAUGHTER!"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## STARS IN SOCIETY: ACTRESSES IN THE PEERAGE.\*

## The Beginning of It.

It may be said to have begun with the wedding of Anastasia Robinson and Charles Mordaunt, the third and "great" Earl of Peterborough: the epidemic of marriages between beauties of the stage and those of the book of "Burke," and it began well, under exceptionally interesting circumstances. Peterborough himself was a "character." "For sixty of the nearly eighty years that he lived he was always in the eyes of the world. . . . He made kings, and handed the contents of his pockets to highwaymen. He saved beleaguered cities, and deserted in face of the enemy." Above everything, when he was sixty, in 1722, he asked Anastasia Robinson to be his wife, and she accepted, although he had sons older than she was. An interesting match, for the bride, who made her debut on the concert platform in 1713, won a place as prima-donna within a year and held it for a decade—at fees said to have reached £1000 a season plus as much again from presents and benefits—"big money" in those days. For thirteen years, although it was quite in order, the wedding was a secret known only to a few intimate friends, and curiosity busied itself. Then, one day, his Lordship, being ill, determined upon publicity. "He took her by the hand and presented her to his kinsfolk as the Countess of Peterborough. Overwhelmed with the tardy announcement, she fainted, and was borne unconscious from the room." He died very soon; she lived to be eighty-eight, "a widow of excellent principles."

## A Duchess; Two Countesses; and a Baroness.

Then came the Duchess of Bolton, daughter of a naval lieutenant and of that officer's love, afterwards Mrs. Fenton; that Miss Lavinia Fenton who, in 1728, and already the Toast of the town, created the part of Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera," and afterwards made successes outstanding and various until, as Swift puts it, she ran away with the Duke of Bolton. "—And this highly improper couple never separated again until, twenty-six years later, death parted them." In 1728 there was still the Duchess, "crammed with virtue and good qualities," but in 1751 she died—on Sept. 20. On Oct. 21 following, Miss Lavinia Fenton became actually Duchess of Bolton. Follows the Countess of Derby, second wife of the twelfth Earl of Derby, and famous as Miss Elizabeth Farren, who was born in 1759, made her first appearance, on the Liverpool stage, when she was between fourteen and fifteen, and later came to queen it in London, especially in "fine lady" parts. When the Earl first offered a hand, it was the left, for his wife was living. It was rejected with scorn; and it was not until eighteen years had passed that Miss Farren was able to wed her persistent lover. He was then thirty-five; she, thirty-eight. Then are that Countess of Craven, known to

the footlights as Miss Louisa Brunton, wife of the Lord Craven who was born in 1770; and the Baroness Thurlow, formerly Miss Mary Bolton, wife of the second holder of the title. The former was the daughter of a grocer, son of a Norwich soap-dealer, who took to the stage; the latter was an attorney's child. The Countess, born in 1785, made her debut at Covent Garden, in October 1803, and made an instantaneous impression speedily deepened. The marriage took place when the groom was thirty-seven, the bride twenty-two; and all was happiness. The Baroness, born in 1790, made her first appearance as Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera." She was a minor actress, as her husband was a minor poet. They wedded in 1813.

## A Countess of Essex.

Come now to the Countess of Essex, wife of the fifth holder of the title. She was born in 1794, daughter of a carver and gilder. As Miss Kitty Stephens she had Society at her feet; as a Peeress, the Dowager Countess of Essex, who died as recently as 1882, maintained a lively interest in the stage. She was a great personage in both spheres, and a great success in both. As concert-singer and in opera, she was a star. She retired in 1835, after a public career begun in 1813, and untouched by scandal. "Then 'Old Essex' caged her. On April 19, 1838, she married George Capell Coningsby, fifth Earl of Essex—barely three months after he had buried his first wife, and when he was in the eighty-first year of his age." He died in the following year; she lived to be eighty-eight.

## Stage and Peerage Matches of To-day.

So the list goes on until we come to quite a number of modern matches between popular actresses and men whose names figure in the Peerage. There are, for example, Miss Connie Gilchrist, once of the Gaiety,

now Countess of Orkney; Miss Rosie Boote, now Marchioness of Headfort; the beautiful Countess of Clonmell, formerly Miss Rachel Berridge, who was on the stage for a short time; the Hon. Mrs. H. W. Horsley-Beresford, well known as Miss Kitty Gordon; the Baroness de Clifford, formerly the Miss Eva Carrington of the theatre, whose husband was killed in a motor accident, and whose marriage to Mr. Arthur Stock is fixed for to-morrow (April 17); Lady Ashburton, who was familiar to playgoers for a while as Miss Frances Belmont; the Hon. Mrs. H. Lyndhurst-Bruce, who was Miss Camille Clifford, of "Gibson Girl" fame; Baroness Churston, who was Miss Denise Orme; Countess Poulett, who was Miss Sylvia Storey; the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Henry Nelson Hood, who was Miss Ethel Kendall; the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, who was Miss Zena Dare; Lady Victor Paget, who was Miss Olive May; and Viscountess Torrington, who was Miss Eleanor Souray. Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe may congratulate himself on having justified completely the boast in his preface: "Actresses are more interesting than St. Patrick. . . . Consequently, any truthful book about them ought to be interesting and amusing. This one is."

## MILITANTS: AN AMERICAN VIEW.



AS THEY ARE.



AS THEY THINK THEY ARE.



Rodney Thomson  
with apologies to  
Orson Lowell

AS THEY APPEAR TO THE POLICE AND SHOPKEEPERS.

\* "Peeresses of the Stage." By Cranstoun Metcalfe. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose; 10s. 6d. net.)



## THE PARTY'S POLITICS.



THE POLITICAL PARTY: An' then this 'ere Llord George 'e says to Right Hon'roble Asquif, "I'm a-goin' ter give the yokels a turn, old cock."

THE VOTER: Ah, so 'e is, too. Quid a week an' a cottage an' cabbiges!

THE POLITICAL PARTY: Cabbige me foot! That's wot 'e tells you; but you mark my words, 'e's a-goin' ter pinch their bloomin' bacon; that's wot 'e's after.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



## MOLYNEUX, COMEDIAN.

By DUNCAN SCHWANN.

IF I'd been in full possession of my faculties when Lady Diana Lester met me in Bond Street, and asked me to take part in the Christmas theatricals they were organising down at Andover House for the county and the tenants, I'd have scouted the preposterous idea; but, as my mind was occupied in deciding whether I should have a shave or a shampoo, or both, I assented without in the least realising what I'd committed myself to. In fact, it wasn't until I entered the great hall at Andover, to be greeted by my hostess with "Here's the last member of the company," that I recalled the incident.

I surveyed the assembled guests with a sour expression. There were Susan Fortescue; Mrs. Marchmont—"Maisie" to her friends; Sybil Tufnell—the engaging sixteen-year-old daughter of a member of the Cabinet; Sir George Bulteel, baronet, home on leave from St. Petersburg—looking far more like a fox-hunter than a diplomat; Ralph Fenwick, whose acquaintance I had made at the Buffet Club one Saturday night, and taken such a fancy to that I had secured his admittance into the family circle of the Lesters; a fellow I didn't know, but whose theatrical head of hair told me he was, in all probability, the producer of the piece; Maurice, a son of the house, lately of the Brigade, and now man-about-town with headquarters at the Bachelors' Club; and lastly, the present holder of the earldom himself, standing in approved fashion in front of the huge fireplace ready to second his sister Diana's efforts in hospitality, and direct the current of conversation into channels congenial to his own taste.

"I can't act a scrap," I began.

"None of us can," laughed Diana, "except Mr. Levine." She turned to my shock-headed friend. "Freddy, this is Mr. Arthur Levine, our stage-manager—Mr. Molyneux."

Mr. Arthur Levine shook my hand warmly. Then he produced a sheet of paper from his breast pocket and consulted it.

"Let me see. I've put you down for a heavy part."

"Heavy?" I queried suspiciously. I don't tolerate chaff about my weight even from a personal acquaintance.

"Merely stage parlance," he rejoined. "You're Samuel Cuthbertson—father of the heroine, and with a fat bit of business in the last act."

"Talking of fat," I interposed, "I could do with one of those muffins over there, and, if you'll excuse me, I'll make for 'em."

"By the way," Levine called after me, "the first rehearsal's to-morrow morning. I presume you're word-perfect."

I stopped in my stride, a horrible fear gripping me. Two mornings ago I had thrown away a bulky envelope from Andover under the impression it contained an appeal for a political subscription.

"Word-perfect? Do you mean to suggest that I ought to know my part when I haven't an idea even what the bally piece is called, or who's acting in it?"

Andover caught the drift of our dialogue—it was getting into a high key—and came across.

"Don't pretend, Molly, you never received a type-written copy of your part, because I addressed it to you myself!"

I gave a histrionic gesture to indicate my surprise.

"Then it wasn't a begging letter on behalf of the Party funds I threw into the fire, Jack?"

"Good lord, what a fellow! No, it wasn't. What shall you do, Levine?"

"Set Mr. Molyneux to learn it straightway. You've got a quiet room he can lock himself up in, I suppose, Lord Andover?"

I walked away to the tea-table and the ladies, leaving the pair busily arranging for my incarceration.

"Are you in this rotten play?"—I addressed Mrs. Marchmont, aware that I was always sure of her sympathy.

"We all are, except our host."

"Do you hear that they want to shut me up all by myself in order to make me learn my part?"

"That's a bright idea," broke in Maurice, when he ought to have been entertaining Lady Susan. "I'll be warder, and bring you your meals. The window'll want bars, though, or we shall be having you escaping down the ivy."

"No, let me look after the prisoner!" Sybil Tufnell jumped up in her excitement and upset a tea-cup. "We can rehearse our opening scene together through the door."

"Don't dare tell me that I have to start the play!"

"Yes, when the curtain goes up you're discovered asleep."

"Good."

"Ah, but I come in and wake you."

"The devil you do!"

"Then we talk about Muriel's affairs—Muriel's your other daughter."

"My other daughter!" My voice rose to a shriek as I gazed wildly round. "Where's the woman who played this dirty trick on me? Where is she?"

"There's nothing to shout about," interposed Diana. "When the play opens you've been a widower for years."

"That's a relief," I muttered, mopping my forehead. "I don't want to be had up for assault at my time of life. Go on, Sybil!"

"Well, Muriel—that's Di, you know—is in love with Cedric—Mr. Fenwick—and you get very angry about it."

"Angry? I should just think so, indeed."

Even on the stage I wasn't going to see Diana—the girl I have been practically engaged to for years—married with my connivance, and to Ralph Fenwick of all people, a man of no position.

"Because you're all in favour of Captain Vavasour—Sir George plays him."

"I'm only in his favour if he stops smoking those rank cigars, and sticks to his diplomatic job a bit more. Muriel doesn't throw herself away on a wastrel."

"Not so much of the 'wastrel,' if you don't mind, Molyneux!" put in Bulteel, from his corner of the sofa, his face even ruddier than usual.

"If you will pester my daughter with your attentions I shall say what I think. Frankly, you're not quite my idea of a son-in-law."

"And I'm hanged if you're my idea of a father-in-law, either, with your——"

"Hi, steady on there, you two!"—Andover was clearly solicitous for the peace of the party—"Don't get quarrelling already! It's only a play."

"Molyneux shouldn't be so infernally insulting, then!" growled Bulteel.

"Look here!"—and I appealed to Levine, frowning in the background. "What I wish to know is—does this chap want to marry sweet little Muriel, or does he not?"

Levine came forward and patted me on the shoulder.

"Come along into the library, there's a good fellow, and we'll go over the plot together. I'm certain the more you look at the part of Cuthbertson the more you'll like it."

"Yes, do go and learn your part!" came in a chorus from the others. "We can't get on with rehearsals until you have."

"All right," I said, abandoning the notion of a smoke and "a hundred up" with a sigh, "but on one condition—that I keep the key of the door in my possession. As for Captain Vavasour, let me tell him that, if he aspires to Muriel's hand, he must mend his manners. Now, Levine, I'm your man till the dressing-gong sounds."

I don't know about the rôle of Samuel Cuthbertson being a heavy one. It struck me as uncommonly boring, for when the old gentleman wasn't delivering a lecture on the duties of children to their parents, he was droning on about a lost deed that would have proved him to be the rightful Lord Lockington, and a big bug in the county. The best thing about the part from my point of view was that he didn't appear at all in the middle act, the author's plan being to save him up for Levine's "fat bit of business" just before the curtain fell, when, from the centre of the stage, he declaimed against the villainies of Vavasour, and was hailed as "my Lord" by the comic footman (Maurice), who had just found the missing document in the wine-cellar.

I pointed out this defect of dullness to the stage manager at the earliest opportunity, offering to brighten my lines by appropriate gagging, but he would have none of it.

"What you've got to concentrate on," said Levine, "is to get your lines off pat, and be ready to take your cues at the right moment."

But, try as I would, that was just what I could not do. To learn a set piece by heart was to go back to the Latin saying lesson of my Eton days with its agonies and deficiencies. As long as the book was before me, I could reel off with dramatic emphasis my opening scene where I bewailed Muriel's unfilial conduct, and turned Cedric out of the house; I could quail before the threats of Maisie Marchmont, as Mrs. Tufton, adventuress; and I could make a benignant parent in the final tableau. But, left to the mercy of treacherous memory, I invariably broke down.

"Won't you make an effort for our sakes?" pleaded Diana

[Continued overleaf.]



“DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE; FIRE BURN,” ETC.



THE FIRST MILITANT: Got anything on to-morrow afternoon? No? Well, what about going to a matinee?  
THE SECOND MILITANT: Bit slow, isn't it?  
THE FIRST MILITANT: M'yes. But of course we could set fire to the theatre afterwards.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



AN UNFORTUNATE WINDOW TO MONKEY WITH! THE FINDING OF A BAD PANE.

DRAWN BY L. R. B.

when the rehearsal had been stopped for about the eighth time to allow me to consult the book.

"I like that," I retorted, "when, for your sake, and the sake of the prospective audience, I've left a comfortable arm-chair and the morning papers to stand on a draughty stage and be the object of general abuse. Most men would have decamped for a quarter what I've endured uncomplainingly. Sybil's the only person who has treated me with common civility. Mrs. Marchmont has positively hissed uncomplimentary epithets into my ear; Levine said 'damn' out loud because my grey matter let me down; and I'm certain it's not in Maurice's part to fall over my shins when he comes on with the letter."

"I'll take Frederick through his lines alone," said the hostess to the stage-manager, and thereupon carried me off far from the madding crowd of amateur Thespians.

"Now," she began, when we were settled in the window-seat in her boudoir, "we'll start right at the beginning, just where you wake up. I'll give you your cue.—'Delia lets the poker fall. Samuel: 'Who's there?'"

I looked across at Diana—a picture of grace and beauty in the morning sunshine.

"Let me dream a little longer, Di. I'd give anything to take Fenwick's place as Cedric, and I'd guarantee to make the love-scene in the second act convincing."

Diana brushed a curl aside—a deliberately provocative action.

"I shouldn't have said there was much wrong with Mr. Fenwick's acting in that particular scene. I've told him he must hold me tighter, that's all."

"How dare he touch you!" I cried savagely. "Promise me one thing—that you'll only allow him to give you a stage embrace, because if I thought anything else I swear I'd take a hand in the business, although I'm not due on for the next half-hour."

"Don't be ridiculous!" answered the girl with hauteur. "Mr. Fenwick is a gentleman."

"The fact of his being a gentleman proves nothing, to my way of thinking, for since when has it become ungentlemanly to kiss a lady—especially on the stage? In former days it used to be the hall-mark of good breeding to chuck the serving-maid under the chin, and if a caress is to be considered conduct unworthy of a gentleman in club law, there are going to be precious few members left to occupy the bow-windows of St. James's Street and Pall Mall, I can tell you."

"Tell me your part instead!" replied my lady-love, in a tone that implied my homily had not interested her—so I swallowed my indignation and complied.

But I took the precaution of buttonholing Fenwick in the billiard-room after the ladies had retired that night, and conveying my opinion with unmistakable frankness.

"I wouldn't take that love-scene with Diana so seriously if I were you," I told him, over a final "peg." "It'll create a bad impression across the footlights. Loamshire's a terribly stuffy county, and we don't want the big-wigs coughing disapprovingly."

Fenwick looked perplexed.

"But Lady Diana tells me I play the thing too quietly at present, and must get more fire into it."

"Remember the proverb about playing with fire, my boy, and take the advice of a veteran. If Diana invites you to put the stranglehold on her, don't oblige her."

"After all, it's only acting," Fenwick went on. "No one ought to mind."

"I agree, but in this benighted part of the world, ninety miles from Piccadilly, where there's nothing to pass the long winter evenings with except Spillikins and 'My Bird Sings,' they think that to squeeze a woman's hand is to qualify straight off for a trip below. What you've got to do, Fenwick my boy, is to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Open your window wide, top and bottom, lie on your right side, and don't forget to murmur the prayer for rain! Now, I'm toddling bedwards."

They always say that amateur theatricals are got up far more for the entertainment of the performers than that of the audience, but I confess I saw little that was entertaining from the actors' point of view about the performance of the comedy "Well I Never" at Andover House that Christmastide. What with the different sets of scenery blocking up the back drawing-room, set aside as the green-room, the estate workmen acting as stage hands with clumsy enthusiasm, the limelight precariously perched on a ladder, the conflicting jurisdiction of Levine in his capacity as stage-manager, and Andover in his as master of the house, the troubles incidental to hired costumes, the over-strained tempers of the various members of the cast, and the unpleasant necessities of a make-up that, in my case, involved a wig as hot as a curry at the East India United Service Club, and a mask of grease paint on which an artist with the hare's-foot proceeded to draw wrinkles and blue lines galore till I looked like the Man of Sussex whose jaw-bone they dug up the other day—it was no bally picnic so far as Frederick Hewitt Molyneux was concerned.

My misfortunes began at the outset, since, owing to the fatigue of the rehearsals, combined with the after-effects of a hearty tea off eggs and et-ceteras at 6.30 p.m., I threw myself with such a will into the stage-directions of "As the curtain rises, Samuel Cuthbertson

is discovered asleep," that I actually did doze off, and it was not till Sybil, as Delia, had made such a clatter with the fire-irons that the front row of the stalls had to send for cotton wool, that I was aroused to the realities of the situation. Then all went swimmingly until, with the entrance of Diana and her stage-lover, Fenwick, my attention wandered from the pre-arranged business of the scene to a jealous observation of their behaviour. Fenwick had impressed on me during the dress-rehearsal that his affectionate advances to the girl were demanded by dramatic exigencies, but, as I had urged at the time, I, in my double capacity of her father in the play and her oldest friend in real life, was the best judge of how far those advances should go. It was in this spirit that, when on my refusing him the hand of Muriel Cuthbertson, he gave an unduly vivid representation of the lovelorn Cedric bidding farewell to his inamorata, I interpolated an effective bit of business by separating the pair by main force, and enlightening the young scamp as to what I thought of him.

"Let me tell you," I began, heedless of muttered remonstrances from Levine prompting in the wings, "that I've no intention of allowing any monkeying with the affections of Diana—I mean, Muriel. Young men of the present day are far too prone to make up to a pretty girl just because she is pretty. To dally with this charming creature"—I patted Diana affectionately on the cheek as I spoke—"is to grossly abuse my kindness. She cares for me far more than she is ever likely to do for you, and don't you forget it. My advice to you, my che-ild, is to go to Canada, put a ju-jitsu grip on a get-rich-quick scheme, and then return to marry somebody else's daughter, because in this household you'll never be anything more than an 'also-ran.'"

Then, with the first really spontaneous applause of the night ringing in my ears, I made a dignified exit.

"How on earth do you think the rest of the company can take their cues if you gag in that fashion?" asked Levine angrily during the *entr'acte*. "It throws everything out."

His appearance put an end to the badinage that had been passing between myself and Maisie Marchmont—looking every inch the fascinating adventuress in black satin with a red rose on the corsage.

"If you imagine I'm going to stand by without a protest while Ralph Fenwick does his best to undermine Lady Diana Lester's regard for a better man than himself, you're very much mistaken."

"Oho, so it was jealous, was it?" put in Mrs. Marchmont with a playfulness that was out of place in a woman of over forty.

"Jealousy has nothing to do with it," I retorted; "but a stage environment is demoralising enough for a girl with Diana's high spirits without adding to it the elements of a flirtation. There, the curtain's up again! I'll go and cram up that speech of mine in the last act while I've a chance."

But I made assurance doubly sure by going on with the book of the words concealed in the copy of the *Times* I carried, in defiance of the objection, raised in the green-room, that there was nothing in the stage-directions to warrant my reading a newspaper. But, as I pointed out, the author, in framing them, had overlooked the possibility of S. Cuthbertson, Esq. being impersonated by an individual congenitally incapable of learning a set piece by heart.

My ruse was so successful that, by judicious management of the paper, I was enabled to lash Vavasour-Bulteel with my scorn, play providence to the dutiful Muriel, and generally fill the bill until, in an unlucky moment, I let my copy of the words fall to the ground, whence Bulteel, with a malicious kick, sent it flying into the wings, leaving me at a complete loss—all the more annoying from the fact that the various strands of a tangled plot had been almost unravelled. The various members of the cast stood looking at me inquiringly, with the exception of Maurice, who was indulging in some comic by-play with the soubrette of Susan Fortescue; Levine was making horrible grimaces from the prompter's box; and the audience showed by its attitude of hushed expectancy that it was waiting anxiously for the words that should fall from my lips.

Desperation seized me as, with a wave of my hand, I included the company on the stage.

"Friends," I said, "yes, even you, Vavasour, I reckon as a friend, despite conduct unworthy of the diplomatic—I should say, military, service—I'm as hungry as a hunter"—frantic applause from old Colonel Severing, facing me in the stalls, and noted through all Loamshire as a trencherman—"and I could give any one of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus a night's start, and carry off the stake-money for a dead 'cert.' So, between you and me and the door-post, I'm all for settling up matters prompt. Cedric, take your Muriel with my blessing, handle the goods gingerly, and see that the thermometer doesn't rise above normal! Delia shall stay with her doting parent till she's put her hair up, and qualified to enter for the Maiden Selling Plate at eight stone nothing. To my footman"—(this was Maurice)—"I give a month's notice, and no character. He's missed his vocation cleaning silver and handing the Keystone Burgundy. His place is on the halls as a knockabout, or Murky Maurice, one of the back-chat comedy duo. I think that clears up everything. Any suggestions, ladies and gentlemen?"—I looked round inquiringly. "Then, I wish you all good-night."

And the curtain fell on what Andover was wont ever afterwards to describe as "Molly's First Play."

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP NOT A PICNIC: OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLF: MIXED NATIONALITY.

### Championship Proposals.

The new season is quickening up; a little of its history in the matter of big events has already been made. We have had the Oxford and Cambridge University match, the Army Championship, the Ladies' Championship (under the auspices of the National County Alliance), and one or two other events of some interest, and now we are certainly within thinking distance of the Amateur Championship itself, as is indicated by the fact that a sort of agitation is being got up about the question of reforming the system under which that great tournament is decided. You will remember that at Westward Ho! last year a petition was put forward, Mr. Angus Hambro, M.P. being its chief sponsor, in favour of a two-rounds qualifying competition preceding the match-play part of the championship, the latter part then to consist of thirty-six holes matches only. This is the American system pure and simple, and as a means of finding out the best amateur golfer of the year, or somebody as near to him as possible, it is excellent. Nothing could be done with this petition last year, because a certain amount of notice has to be given to the authorities before they can act, and this was the one and only reason why it was shelved; wherefore it is very wrong of some people to try to make out now, as they do, that the petition was rejected last year, or that the authorities refused to consider it for any other reason than that stated. In the meantime, the petitioners have touched it up a little, and as it now comes out—and will have to be decided upon by the Amateur Championship delegates at St. Andrews next month—it is in favour of a qualifying stroke-competition of four rounds and not two, the top thirty-six to qualify and play only thirty-six holes matches. This is certainly going it; but why not? The opponents of the idea are shouting out loudly that the test is far too severe, and that there would be no enjoyment for those who visit the Championship meeting. The answer is that this is a championship meeting, having for its object the discovery of the best amateur golfer of the year, and it is not a picnic, although that impression has been held in many quarters hitherto. If we must have a picnic, let it be arranged; but we must have a real championship meeting—it might almost be said to be necessary to the game—and there is no reason

### 'Varsity Flatness.

In the meantime, we have put the University match into the past. It was not a very brilliant affair. We expected that it would be closely contested, for, after appearing to be quite inferior to their rivals up to Christmas, Oxford came on appreciably afterwards, and on the morning of the match, as the teams themselves agreed, there was really nothing in it. But there was too little in it. Some of the men, and particularly the leaders, played more indifferent golf than we have seen in this

match for a long time, and, taking the men all round, there was a pronounced absence of sound, firm confidence and ability. The teams were below the average of many recent years. Nor did they display any striking individualism or originality of method. That may be to their credit in having their game modelled on sound and well-proved lines; but some people urge that the best golfers—and those with the best futures—are strongly individualistic, and that they like originality in a man for its suggestion of thought and confidence. Most of the men were, of course, playing with the overlapping grip, and all but one were using plain iron putters—so much have the various aluminium and other contrivances gone clean out. The one man who was not for simple iron was putting with an aluminium article of the shape that was originally introduced, and not one of the podgy things that since then have become fashionable with the professionals. Mr. Humphries was driving with a stance in which the left foot was in front of the right, and Mr. Woosnam (also a Cantab) was using a putter with one of the shortest shafts ever seen—these two being the only very noticeable individualities. Ties are all very well in their way, but with the new system of scoring they are likely to be more frequent in the future than in the past, and men are already talking about bringing the numerical strength of each team up to nine, to reduce the risk of such a result.

### An English Champion.

I had decided to write that if there must be an English lady champion, then Mrs. F. W. Brown, so well known and prominent in London golfing circles, is the right lady for that distinction, when, on looking through some old records, I find that she is not English, but Scottish, by birth.



WHAT A STANCE HE WOULD GET IF HE WORE THE BIG BOOTS: LITTLE TICH AS A GOLFER.

That famous star comedian, Little Tich, has taken to golf of late, and hits a moderately straight ball.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



APPROACHING THE HOME GREEN.



A VIEW FROM THE CLUB-HOUSE.

### EDINBURGH'S NEW LINKS: THE RAVELSTON GOLF HOUSE.

The course, which has nine holes, is situated on the side of Corstorphine Hill, to the north-west of Edinburgh, and covers some forty-two acres of land. Four of the holes are over three hundred yards in length, while the shortest is about 130 yards long. The club opens with a membership of 350—225 gentlemen and 125 lady members, and has already a waiting list.—[Photographs by G. E. Smith.]

why the test should not be a severe one, as it is in the championships of all other sports and games. If this scheme goes through, the test will be more thorough and searching than that in any other competition in any part of the world; it will virtually be the Amateur and Open Championship tests rolled into one; and it is quite fitting that this should be done in Britain. The support at the back of the petition is very powerful.

However, these international mixtures are the rule rather than the exception. It will never be possible to frame a really satisfactory definition for nationality; there is always that puzzling case of the Irish father and the Scotch mother whose child was born in Wales, but lived thereafter continually in England. Liking to go with the majority, this young gentleman—or lady—puts hands up for England, and there we are!

HENRY LEACH.



A POPULAR FAVOURITE, A CONCERT PARTY, AND A NEW REVUE.

AT the Holborn Empire the other evening I noticed that there was considerable applause when Miss Clarice Mayne's number went up, and that she received a recognised favourite's reception. Nor was I surprised that her performance met with popular favour, for while Miss Mayne is of radiant appearance, she renders her songs with much archness and with a succession of smiles which completely envelops the house. Her voice is of no great power, but the songs she sings do not call for any efforts of vocalisation. One which seemed particularly to the taste of the audience deals with a certain Joshua. To this individual is made the remark, "Sweeter than lemon-squash, you are—Yes, by gosh! you are," and the patrons of the Holborn Empire appreciate the lilt, and make no hypercritical objection to the daringness of the rhyme. But Miss Mayne is not alone upon the stage. She is accompanied on the piano by a male performer to whom she alludes as "That." He is an excellent pianist, and is also the composer of some of her songs, and he accompanies his accompaniments with many wriggings and contortions, together with exhibitions of his appreciation of the personal attractions of the singer. He also, at intervals, breaks into song, and generally succeeds in making his presence distinctly felt. The subject of one of the songs is the traditional modest maiden from the country who, after enjoying the hospitality of a metropolitan admirer, relieves him of his valuables; and this is illustrated by Miss Mayne, who fondles the pianist as they sing the refrain together, at the same time annexing his watch and chain. The two work well together, and are successful in making a pleasant entertainment out of material which is none too plentiful. Miss Clarice Mayne and "That" are well deserving of the position they have won for themselves.



MAKING A GREAT SUCCESS IN A SERVANT'S PART AND INCIDENTALLY USING FOUR TONGUES IN IT, MISS MALISE SHERIDAN AS MION IN "DIPLOMACY," AT WYNDHAM'S.

In "Diplomacy," Miss Sheridan is playing one of the comparatively few servants' parts which give the player a real chance, and she is making the most of her opportunities. Her performance is all the more interesting in that it marks her first appearance on the professional stage. She has to use four tongues—English, French, German, and Italian—and is equally at home in each.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

**An Accomplished Team.** Among the new turns at the Palace is one entitled, "Nicely, Thanks," and is designed on the lines of the Follies. It is performed by a company organised by Messrs. Wolseley Charles and Louis Rihll, and claims, with justice, to be "a medley of mockery, music, and mirth." The company has already been seen on the regular stage, as it gave a series of matinée performances at the Strand Theatre at Christmas, and later on at the Comedy. While the whole show is reminiscent of Mr. Pélissier's, it possesses features all its own, and, without exception, the company is composed of people with good, fresh voices, much musical talent, and a decided sense of humour. Attired in a sort of pierrot costume, they sing divers songs which are assisted by "effects." One song, in particular, given by Mr. Louis Rihll, is very quaint in its quiet, dry recital of a catalogue of murders alleged to have been committed by the songster. The accompaniments are played by Messrs.

Charles and Rihll on a double-grand piano, and both are accomplished instrumentalists. But the fun becomes really fast and furious when the entire force of the company is brought to bear on a burlesque oratorio founded upon well-known nursery-rhymes. In this the entire troupe lets itself go, and, working together with a will, they manage to keep the audience laughing without intermission until they bring their oratorio to a conclusion. They have the same happy knack possessed by the Follies of appearing to be on the best of terms with each other, and with everyone else, and when they take their departure they leave behind them an atmosphere of good-humoured *camaraderie*. No pains have been spared in working up all the little details that are so essential, and they are one and all to be congratulated upon the general jollity of their entertainment.

"Still They Come."

After a very long run, not unaccompanied by vicissitudes, the Empire revue, entitled "Everybody's Doing It," has come to an end and has been replaced by another show on the same lines, called "All the Winners!" The book is from the facile pen of Mr. C. H. Bovill, and the work of composing and arranging the music has been undertaken by Mr. Cuthbert Clarke, while the production has been left in the experienced hands of Mr. Fred Farren. As is the accustomed way with revues, we are given a kind of musical comedy without even the semblance of a plot, and we are suddenly jerked from the Brighton Metropole to the Hindle Town Hall, and thence to Monte Carlo, without rhyme or reason. From certain remarks dropped at the outset, we are led to hope that the revue is intended to deal a death-blow at rag-time, but we are doomed to disappointment, for the temptation to take advantage of the prevailing taste of the moment proves too strong, and before long we are in the midst of an orgie of syncopation. The company comprises all the talents, and the turns introduced are all extremely good of their kind. Mr. Barry Lupino does the most amazing things, and combines agility and humour to an unusual extent. Mr. Lionel Mackinder dances in his nippiest manner; and Mr. Vernon Watson again proves himself the

most skilful of mimics; while Mr. Seymour Hicks, as usual, works like a horse. The ladies are equally successful. Miss Maidie Hope displays an admirable gift for burlesque; Miss Unity More dances as delightfully as ever; Miss Ida Crispi is a tower of strength; Miss Vera Maxwell is full of vivacity; and Miss Kate Sergeantson gives great distinction to the part of the Duchess. With a little compression, this new revue should ultimately develop into one of the lightest and brightest things of its kind. It need hardly be said that the mounting is not only lavish but is also in exquisite taste.—ROVER



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

TWO GREAT MOTORING INSTITUTIONS: WHEN WORM JOINS WORM: PRIZES FOR CHAUFFEURS.

## Brooklands a Great Industrial Asset.

It is to be feared that the public do not entirely appreciate the boon that the great racing track at Brooklands has proved to the British automobile industry. If ever a man deserved well of his fellows, it is assuredly Mr. Locke King, who sank so huge a sum in this undertaking, which sum, I fear, does not to-day

## The Coming Battle of Worms.

Much interest will assuredly be taken in the coming battle of worms. So much has been claimed for the efficiency of the segmental or Lanchester worm, that the sponsors of the straight or parallel variety are up in arms for the repute of their product. Worm-drive, which at one time threatened to beat the bevel variety out of the field, has, for various reasons, fallen into some disfavour, although firms like Lanchester and Napier, having once adopted it, have continued to fit it with the best results. Now it would appear that the claims of the segmental wormists and those of the straight wormists are to be settled by a duel to the death—Messrs. David Brown and Sons, Ltd., of Huddersfield, taking up the cudgels for the latter. The Daimler Company, who are the high priests of the segmental drive, have, in a most sporting spirit, offered to put their worm-testing machine at the disposal of the National Laboratory for the purpose of the tests; and the chivalrous offer of the Daimler Company will be appreciated when it is known that their worm-testing machine is the only instrument of its kind in the country. However things may result, it is a fact that those who have owned good worm-driven cars are loth to go back to bevels.

## A Valuable Competition.

Both in their own and in their customers' interest, Messrs. Napier Motors, Ltd., are instituting a valuable and interesting competition for drivers of Napier cars, in which the prizes to be awarded will amount in all to a sum of £150. The terms of the competition are such that they will encourage drivers to economise and to strive to keep their cars in the best possible condition, which must, of course, tend to the considerable profit of the owner. The method to be followed is simplicity itself. An owner must cause his driver to make out a short monthly report—which he, the owner, will be required to certify. These reports will be sent in to Messrs. Napier Motors, Ltd., and will, on the expiry of the fixed term, be submitted to independent judges, to be appointed by the Automobile Association, who will make awards in consonance with their judgment, taking the age of the cars into careful consideration. Messrs. Napier Motors will employ a travelling representative, who



ON THE OCCASION OF HER HYDRO-AEROPLANE TRIP, LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, WITH M. L. ARNOLD, THE AIRMAN, ON THE RIVIERA.

Lady Rosemary was born in 1893.—(Photograph by Transpux.)

earn him  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on his enormous outlay. A great testimony to the advantages of Brooklands is shown by the announcement just made by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., to the effect that several of the Grand Prix cracks are coming over to Brooklands to practise for the big French race, for they realise that one of the principal factors in the triple Sunbeam success of last year was that their drivers were able to put in a lot of speed-work at Weybridge. The importance of the Brooklands track to the automobile industry is so patent to Mr. Paul Brodtmann, of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, that he is of opinion that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders should subsidise the undertaking in a very liberal manner in order that their members, who have to devote considerable time to experimental work, should be able to avail themselves fully of its advantages at a nominal cost.

**Floreat the R.A.C.!** One wonders at times what has become of those prophets of woe who, upon realising the extent and purport of the Royal Automobile Club in connection with the palatial building in Pall Mall, foretold early disaster and ruin and desolation. From the very day of the opening of the great Club these prophets were given the lie, and before very many months had passed it was seen that the success of the huge undertaking was absolutely assured. The returns have gone up by leaps and bounds, for while for the year 1908 the turnover was only £213,000, the figures for 1912 reached the astonishing amount of £1,266,000. All departments save the swimming-bath and the rifle-gallery show most satisfactory development, and the falling-off in connection with the former was due, of course, to the atrocious summer. No mention was made as to the enormous volume of work done by the Club, through its various honorary committees, on behalf of practical automobilism, but that this is very largely recognised by outside motorists is evident from the continually increasing adhesion of associate members. No fewer than 263 were elected at the last meeting of the General Committee.



ON THE RIVIERA: CARPENTIER, THE FAMOUS FRENCH BOXER—AND DOG—WITH MME. DE LYTEUIL, AT BEAULIEU.

It will be recalled that it was announced some little while ago that the boxing match at catch-weights between Georges Carpentier and Frank Klaus, the world's champion, had been indefinitely postponed.

will from time to time request the permission of a short run upon one or other of the cars. Napier owners who are interested by the above announcement—and they should be many—should write to the firm for the necessary entry-form.

[Continued on a later page.]



FOR many reasons the rooms of Montagu House, where the Countess of Dalkeith is to give a dance on June 12, have been more or less wrapped up in dust-sheets. An annual children's party used to scatter the gloom, but now that some of the children are growing up another method must be tried.

Lady Margaret, being twenty, has got to the end of "Oranges and Lemons"; Lord Whitcheater is nineteen; and although the Hon. George provides a splendid variety by being just two years old, Montagu House is now in the hands of the dancing age. One discomfiting thought, and sight, will not be there to put a reproach upon the gathering in June—no pitiable group of derelicts upon the benches below will be disturbed by the sounds of revelry.

TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ALAN G. DESPARD TWIGG, R.N., ON APRIL 19: MISS DOROTHY HUGHES.

Miss Hughes is the youngest daughter of Captain S. Hughes, R.N., of 17, Yarborough Road, Southsea.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Had the Embankment still been the home of the homeless, it is doubtful if Lady Dalkeith would have had the heart to issue her invitations.

*Ambassadorial.* There are certain titles that the Ambassador's daughter who writes a novel can by no means use. Miss Meriel Buchanan, who is publishing a romance, would never have got her proofs passed by her father, Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, if they had been headed "The Ambassador," and her mother would have been equally severe upon "The Ambassador." The book is to be issued under the sufficiently impersonal name of "The White Witch." "The Ambassador," already announced from another hand, is only so-called under cover of a pen-name.

*Ham House.* Lord Dysart's fight for his ferry is characteristic of a man with many irons in the fire—or oars in the water. Not long ago he found gravel on his Surrey property and turned it into a brick business; and Ham House itself has been something of an enterprise. The Earl of Dysart who died in 1880 not only kept all doors locked, but also kept himself behind

ENGAGED TO MR. FRANCIS SHARMAN - CRAWFORD, OF CRAWFORDSBURN, CO. DOWN: MRS. ASHURST MORRIS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

them. The shoemaker who came for orders had to deal with a foot thrust out through a small aperture; and other tradesmen were called upon to cater in strange ways for an "eccentric" who, being a Peer and a payer, was not unpopular. The public, however, never got into Ham House, and the "titled personage" who wrote an account of it in 1867 was the first who had been admitted for twenty-five years. But it is no longer a mystery. Lord Dysart has not been content to leave the



ENGAGED TO MR. J. G. TATE: MISS ROSAMOND TUNSTILL.

Miss Tunstill is the daughter of Mr. H. Tunstill of Reedyford, Lancashire, and Thornton Lodge, Yorkshire. Mr. Tate, of West Marton, Skipton, is the son of the late Rev. C. R. Tate, of Trent Rectory, Sherborne, Dorset.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



HOSTESS AT A BALL AT WHICH "GODS; AND GODDESSES" WERE PRESENT: LADY RODD, WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ROME.

Lady Rodd gave a most brilliant fancy-dress ball the other day at the British Embassy in Rome. There were nine processions—"Olympe," "Groupe de Ludovico il Moro," "Ambasciatori Esteri," "Artisti e Letterati," "Corteo di Vittoria Colonna," "Groupe Gainsborough," "Le Menuet de Louis XV.," "Les Neuf Muses," and "Groupe Persan." Lady Rodd herself appeared as Juno; Miss G. Rodd as Iris; Mr. F. Rodd as Hermes; Sir Rennell Rodd as Paggio di Casa Sforza, an ambassador of the sixteenth century.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN H. CARTWRIGHT: MISS MILDRED FRANCES CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

Miss Champion de Crespiigny is the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. G. H. Champion de Crespiigny, of Burton Latimer Hall, Kettering. Captain Cartwright, of the 48th Northamptonshire Regiment, is the youngest son of the late Mr. W. G. Cartwright.—[Photo. by Amy Cassels.]

wonderful musical instruments to be silently twanged and tweaked by ghostly fingers. He breaks the silence of a century, and gives parties.

*Historic Tea.* Congresses are not seldom allowed to come and go without anybody being much the wiser; but Sir George and Lady Trevelyan discovered one the other day, and gave it tea. Their delightful drawing-rooms in Grosvenor Crescent were crowded by the members of the International Historical Congress, and learned gentlemen could be seen discovering histories in tea-cups, and receiving new light on the past from Sir George's well-stocked glass cases. But it is at Wallington House that Sir George moves among ghosts. It has housed kings and conspirators; and Sir George is fond of pointing out that both its cellars and stables have made history. "The wine of Wallington old songsters praise," wrote the poet; and from its stud came the pony which gave William III. his fatal fall.

*Queen Mary and the Primroses.*

Primroses went with the Queen's cheque to the Children's League of Kindness. "I know a bank, etc.," is a quotation that never fails to come to her Majesty's mind at spring-time; but she does not always manage to get into the proper sort of country for the humble wild flowers she loves. To make subscriptions, and buy the flowers, to attend to a thousand formalities and do a thousand kindnesses, takes the time that she might have spent in some more personal pleasure. "How I wish I had picked them myself," she is reported to have said before despatching the last great bunch.

*The Cloister and the Ball-Room.*

Lady Petre, the mother of Lord Petre, has just decided to give a dance in May. She moves into Grosvenor Place on the 5th, and has issued her invitations for the 28th. Daughters and Lord Petre will be present; but the dancing members of the family are in a minority. In all its branches it has put itself out of range of the social call. In convents in Hammersmith and Westminster relatives of the young Baron will be obeying a rigorous rule and rising for morning chapel just as the lights go out in Grosvenor Place. But, as a general rule, Petre piety and Petre play are never wholly disconnected.



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY HUGHES, ON APRIL 19: LIEUTENANT A. G. DESPARD TWIGG, R.N.

Lieutenant A. G. Despard Twigg is serving on the battleship "Cornwallis," for gunnery duties.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MRS. ASHURST MORRIS: MR. FRANCIS SHARMAN - CRAWFORD.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**"Lists."**

Everybody, at this time of year, has a list of people they want to ask, ought to ask, or will be dragooned by someone else into asking. For balls, especially, great pressure is brought to bear upon prospective hostesses, who find themselves, when the great night arrives, entertaining other people's friends and acquaintances instead of their own. For the Boy-and-Girl dinner has now attained such popularity that every dance-giver must expect her friends and relations to blossom forth with such a festivity, which is given solely to bring the young people on to the ball. I believe it is etiquette to submit the names of these vague guests to the hostess; but how is she to object, unless she is a royal personage, to any young person whom it is proposed to bring? One or two of our more old-fashioned great ladies still decline to acquiesce in these free-and-easy proceedings, and only the other day a gay Guardsman described to me his feelings when a certain Duchess, noted for her select balls, hurriedly consulted a list in her reticule directly he had made his bow and had begun to dance. Fortunately, dinner-parties are not yet composed in this fashion, or there would be some strange meetings and some impossible propinquities. That is why the dinner will always take first place as a complimentary entertainment, for at your dinner-table, at any rate, you are not supposed to feed and amuse other people's friends.

**Vulgar Voices.**

The "Board School voice" is coming in for a good deal of criticism, and not without reason, for we are almost the only nation, if we except the United States, which fosters a hideous and vulgar accent—or rather, allows it to be spoken in our national schools. How is it that in France, for instance—and particularly in Paris—there is hardly a trace of a "common" voice among the working classes? The shop-girl and the *bonne* speak as clearly, and in much the same suave and flute-like tones, as the ladies they serve. It is as much a pleasure to listen to them as it is often distressing to hear English women of the same class talking to each other. This is one of the reasons why it is so much easier for a humble Parisienne to rise above her station—to become a great actress or the owner of a salon where well-bred men can meet her on equal terms. She has no odious accent to get rid of, her voice is sweet and charming, and her manners those of a person whose distant forebears were civilised some two thousand years ago. At the present time our distinctive Cockney accent is getting worse, and if not so many aitches are dropped, there are vulgarisms rampant which are even more offensive. The slurred H, after all, is common to the French, the Italians, and the Welsh, and is not unattractive if not too pronounced. It is the *timbre* of the voice which is all-important, and that we neglect in an extraordinary degree in our national schools, as well as the mispronunciation of words. If you listen to small French children of all classes, you will find them chattering in clear tones, with none of the baby-talk, and

little of the slang, which are so usual among our little people. It is evident that the child must be caught young if it is to be trained to speak properly.

**How Our Time is Wasted.**

In an age of increased hurry-scurry and perpetual movement, it is extraordinary how we still contrive to waste our time, and it is good news that a society calling themselves "The Optimists" propose to remedy this parlous state of affairs. One of the easiest ways of wasting time is in shopping. This is so largely a pastime, affected by women who have much leisure and light hearts that the big bazaars of London make small effort to make things move with celerity. At the busiest hours there is a superfluity of gorgeous shop-walkers, but there are not enough assistants to serve; and if a restaurant set up with an equally plentiful lack of waiters, I do not fancy its vogue would last long. But worst of all, from the point of view of the busy shopper—who may have three important appointments and a train to catch—is the habit which obtains of winding up every roll of ribbon, folding every yard of material, and packing away every sort of object on the counter before your bill is made out or your parcel handed to you. As all this is done in the most leisurely fashion, the patience of the buyer is sometimes strained to breaking point. It would be as reasonable to ask you to wait and see all the plates washed at a restaurant before you could pay and depart as to make

you stand by while a languorous maiden puts away neatly everything which she may have had to show you. It is not the fault of the shop-girls, who have their orders, but of a system of shop-management which thinks the buying public has oceans of time to waste. Then, again, queues at railway stations, and the like phenomenon at theatres, are anachronisms in an age which pretends to efficiency; while our happy-go-lucky system of hunting in every van for our luggage at the journey's end is the marvel of the rest of the civilised world.

**Where There are No Cranks.**

Mr. Laurence Jerrold has recently pointed out that France is the happy country where there are no "cranks." Indeed, we all know that young men in the "Boul' Miché," with flowing ties and locks, may argue and dispute, making a furious interchange of ideas, but the faddist is not seen who has passed the age of twenty-five. Over there, they do not run to teetotalism, green vegetables and nuts, bare heads or feet, anti-this and that, or the Higher Thought. Yet the young Frenchman, as anyone can perceive, is a very serious youth, and the average French girl is nowadays better educated than her English prototype. Yet,

though these young Gauls are preoccupied with ideas, they are never faddists, for the Frenchman sees Life as he sees architecture—a thing of proportion, of sanity, and of beauty, and he does not propose to adorn it with excrescences and grotesques.



THE BACK OF FIG. 1.

1  
AFTERNOON GOWNS.

Fig. 1 is an afternoon gown in biscuit colour. The skirt, ornamented with buttons and button-holes, opens to show a brocade underskirt which matches the waistcoat; the collar of golden brown satin forms the V of the décolletée. Fig. 2 is a costume made in blue and white serge; an outline of blue embroidery on the white serge gives a smart appearance to the gown; which would have even a simpler effect were it carried out all in the same colour.



THE BACK OF FIG. 2.

3  
AFTERNOON GOWNS.

The skirt on the left-hand figure (fig. 3.) is made of champagne-coloured voile and is worn with a short and very baggy little coat in cloth of the same shade; a black charmeuse sash swathed low over the hips and tied in a loose knot, ending in a passementerie tassel, completes the costume. Fig. 4 shows a green and red plaid costume with short coat in green cloth with jade buttons.



THE BACK OF FIG. 3.



THE BACK OF FIG. 4.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 23.*

## AMERICAN TARIFF PROPOSALS.

THE proposals for the reduction of import duties which have just been put forward by the new American President do not seem likely to have any great effect upon the trade of the United Kingdom. In most cases the duties, even in their revised form, are amply sufficient to protect the American manufacturer from the competition of European rivals.

Possibly the boot and shoe trade may benefit to a small extent, but the Bradford woollen trade will have to consider the possibility of an enhanced price of wool, should the consumption in the U.S. increase to any extent owing to lower prices.

From the American point of view, the most important changes are the abolition of duty upon sugar and wool, which are, together, expected to account for a reduction of some £15,000,000 out of a total of £16,000,000, which is the estimated loss to the revenue.

When it first became clear that an income-tax was practically assured in America, we mentioned that it was a point which must be borne in mind by investors in American securities. Many American Bonds are expressly exempted by the terms of issue from the operation of any such tax, and in these cases we do not think holders need be anxious, but the Company will have to find the tax-money out of profits, and thus holders of the Common stock will have to bear not only their own burden, but that of the Bondholders as well. In many cases this may be a serious matter.

Undoubtedly, these proposals will be considerably modified before they are finally sanctioned by Congress, but, as incomes below £800 are to be exempt, we have little doubt that the income-tax will be imposed. It's sure to be popular with the bulk of the people!

## FREDERICK LEYLAND AND CO.

We have on more than one occasion pointed out the attraction of this Company's Cumulative Preference shares, and when writing in the middle of February, we expressed the opinion that at least 10 per cent. of the arrears would be paid off before the end of the year.

In this forecast we were not very far from the mark, as it is now announced that 5 per cent. will be paid on July 15, and a further substantial amount on Jan. 15 of next year.

Altogether the Report for 1912 is a very satisfactory document, the net profit amounting to £476,250, as compared with £131,323 for 1911. After eliminating the debit balance to profit and loss account of £167,850, which was brought into these accounts, there remains an available balance of £308,400. Out of this the directors paid 5 per cent. on account of the arrears of interest on the Preference shares in January, absorbing £70,700; depreciation, including that debited through the accounts of the Furness-Leyland Line, receives £149,200; and £103,050 is carried forward. During the year Debentures for nearly £12,000 have been redeemed.

With regard to the future, the fact that the directors pledge themselves to a substantial payment in January shows that they look forward to the future with considerable confidence; but the Report draws attention to the fact that while freights are still on a remunerative basis, there is a growing addition to working expenses in consequence of increased wages and higher prices of coals, stores, and provisions.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Impossible! Surely that is impossible!" The Merchant was protesting.

"An absolutely true case, I can assure you. I know all the parties to it," The Broker declared.

"What's impossible?" asked The Jobber. "I wasn't so rude as to listen."

"Neither was I," added The Solicitor. "But I don't mind asking about it."

"This man says," began The Merchant half indignantly, "that a lady was left 300 shares in a rubber company formed years ago, and one day she noticed there was a rubber boom, so she wrote to ask if her shares were of any value. Is that right, Brokie?"

"Quite right; and her broker wrote back that they could be sold at £3 a-piece. So she told the broker to sell them, which he did, and then he asked her for the certificate. When the certificate arrived, it was for £1 shares; they had been split into florin shares, so she held 3000, instead of 300."

"Well?"

"The lady couldn't believe it, either, until the Company confirmed it. Then she wanted to sell the lot; the price had gone up still further—it was early in 1910—and for the remaining 2700 shares she got 3½. It was an amazing thing, but true to the very letter."

The Carriage remained thoughtful after this. Obviously, The Broker was not pulling their legs, yet such an incident lay outside the experience of most of them.

"That sort of thing pays better than being a bull of Canadas," observed The Banker, at length.

"Depends a good deal upon how many shares you buy, and the price thereof. If you picked up a few thousands at 22½, there would be quite a useful little profit by now"—and The Jobber laughed rather bitterly, as though he had not done it himself.

"The tariff reductions in the United States must surely be a fine thing for all the Canadian Railways," said The Broker.

"There'll be a new issue of Grand Trunk stock before long," prophesied The Engineer, adding hastily that he had no inside information.

"All the new money which the Canadian Railways want they can raise on terms that are reasonable enough compared with the profits they can make with it."

"I suppose that is correct," surmised The Banker. "All our information goes to demonstrate that Canada has been woefully wanting hard cash for the past two months or so."

"Canada, like every other place, has had to bear the effect of the Balkans War, the increased arming of Europe, and the tons of new issues." The Broker spoke as though from a well-conned lesson.

"With the rise in Consols to help things along, we might see a good market even in Home Rails," thought The Engineer.

"I would rather—yes, much rather—put my money into sound foreign Government securities. Like the new San Paulo, for instance"—and The Solicitor looked round to see who would accept the challenge.

Nobody did.

Instead, The Broker observed that he found a good deal of prejudice amongst his clients against Home Rails. "Most people prefer to go abroad for investments: where there is not so much fear of labour difficulties," he explained.

"What do you recommend for sound investment?"

"Pacific Great Eastern, guaranteed by British Columbia; Entre Rios new 5 per cent. Debenture scrip; Hudson's Bays 5 per cent. Preference shares (all but gilt-edged), and Mexico North Western 6 per cent. prior lien Bonds. Rather speculative, these last."

"I'm still a bear of Rubber shares," announced The Merchant, quick-change artist in the matter of subjects.

"There are too many of you to make it comfy," The Jobber considered. "I don't like being a bear in a crowd. Besides, that Rubber Market might turn all in a hurry, and then where would you be?"

"Ready to average," was the blithe response. "Sell a few more and wait for another drop."

"Clean contrary to Stock Exchange practice," said The Jobber. "When we are bears, and the things go up, we make a point of cutting our loss, especially if there's a lot of noise going on at the time."

"But then you would lose money pretty often, surely?"

"My dear Sir," said The Jobber solemnly, "we are true sons of the Stock Exchange. Aren't we, Brokie!"

## NAMAQUA COPPER.

The results of this South African Copper Mine for 1912, in common with other producers of the red metal, showed a great improvement over those of previous years, and the dividends, amounting to 37½ per cent., compare with 25 per cent. and 12½ per cent. for 1911 and 1910, respectively.

During the year 5525 tons of copper were produced, which showed a profit of £30 per ton, at the realised price of £68 per ton. Including £4400 brought into the accounts, there was an available balance, after allowing for depreciation, of £78,200, out of which the dividends absorbed £70,700, and £7500 is carried forward.

At the present price of £5 for the £2 shares, the Company's capital is valued at £471,655, and on Dec. 31 liquid assets totalled about £140,000. The ore-reserves are estimated to contain 6895 tons of copper, which should have a value of £200,000 on the basis of last year's working.

With regard to the future, shareholders should benefit from the concentration plant which will shortly be working, but the price of copper is now about £5 per ton lower than the average of last year. From the figures given above, it will be seen that the very high opinion of the shares which is held in some quarters is fully justified as to the immediate future, but that part of the Report which deals with developments in the mine must give rise to some anxiety.

At the Hester Maria Mine drilling has produced no encouraging results, while at Henderson's Mine values at moderate depths have not come up to expectations, and in only one part is it proposed to explore further at depth. In the Tweefontein Mine results are patchy, and drilling is to be tried.

We are inclined to think the shares can be held in the hope of better results, present ore-reserves being sufficient for three years; but if such developments are not soon forthcoming, the shares should be sold.

## THE ARAUCO RAILWAY.

Twelve months ago—on May 8, 1912, to be exact—we printed a note on this Company from our correspondent "Q," who pointed out the attraction of the shares, which then stood at 8½, and wound up by saying, "On the whole, the prospects of the Company appear extremely promising, and I should not be at all surprised to see a further advance to over £12 in the course of the next year or two."

[Continued on page 64.]



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### A Smart Queen.

Her Majesty of Spain knows well how much real liking depends upon appearance. It is quite true that smart, well-turned-out people—men or women—make their start for favour a good length ahead of the dearest of dowdies. Now favour to royalty means much in Spain just now, and Queen Victoria Eugénie is very wise to hold what she has by every means in her power. The Spanish people are proud of her, and she intends to keep that valuable asset. The King is enormously rich, and her Majesty is said to be also extremely well off. Her dress-bills, chiefly incurred in Paris, are very heavy. Her dresses are kept on model figures in an immense wardrobe-room, which must bear some resemblance to Bluebeard's cupboard on a large scale. She seldom wears a gown more than six or seven times, and is never seen twice in succession in the same dress. There is a well-known agency in Paris which purchases from dressers of royal ladies the expensive clothes which they wear so seldom. The dressers are allowed to keep a percentage of the money paid, but the greater part goes to buy more



ENGAGED TO MR. TYRRELL F. O'MALLEY: MISS HILDRED RUTH (STAR) BLACKWELL.

Miss Blackwell is the third daughter of the late Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell and Mrs. Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald, and 199, Queen's Gate. Mr. O'Malley, who is in the Royal Munster Fusiliers, is a son of the late Mr. Middleton M. O'Malley and Mrs. O'Malley, of Westport, County Mayo.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

dresses. All these clothes are altered before being sold, but are, nevertheless, sometimes recognisable. They are very often acquired by actresses and by heads of smart modistes' businesses. Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain is probably the Queen who spends most on her dress of any crowned royal lady in Europe. Her Majesty pays every quarter, and herself sees each bill, and, if correct, initials it.

### The Chance of a Week.

People talk of the chance of a lifetime, but we move too quickly for that to be enough nowadays.

Harrods, always on the crest of the wave of progress, decided to afford their clients the chance of the week from April 15 to acquire some of the very latest models shown in their display of fashion arranged for that week at reduced rates. Naturally, a strict limit is put upon the number, which cannot be purchased either by post or after the display. Having been accorded a private view of these novelties, I can say that the chance of the week is one that will be gladly taken. It will include a heavy Shantung coat, trimmed with self-coloured lace, beautifully cut and tailor-built, 35s. We give illustrations of two of the hats. That with the ostrich-feathers is three guineas (the hat is of frieze straw), and that with the flowers and ribbon-velvet, in Ninon straw, is two-and-a-half guineas. There is a coat-and-skirt in silk moiré—black, navy-blue, or grey—the coat lined with soft satin and charmingly finished with buttons and straps, for £6 18s. 6d. There are blouses, tea-gowns, wraps, and many other things, all of the very latest creation, at these easy prices. To have the moral support of being perfectly turned out at modest cost is surely the chance of Harrods' display week. The great house has just issued a "Fashion Album de Luxe" that is a reflection of latest phases of fashions for the year. There is also their large list of 1600 illustrated pages. These can be applied for on a postcard attached to a sheet which is sent to

### NEW MILLINERY AT REDUCED RATES: TWO CHARMING SPRING HATS AT HARRODS' DISPLAY OF FASHION.

For a week from April 15, Messrs. Harrods are offering some of the latest models at reduced rates in their display of fashion. The hat in frieze straw, with ostrich-feathers, is three guineas, and that in Ninon straw, with the flowers and ribbon-velvet, is two and a half guineas.

all clients, or by an ordinary postcard, and will be sent post free. The "Fashion Album de Luxe" is worth having if only for the beauty of the cover.

### No Such Thing.

Long ago most of us had a very useful possession which we called an elderly relative. It was sometimes an aunt, sometimes an uncle, occasionally a step-sister or a cousin. They were of use in many emergencies. If a girl wanted to have tea at a young man's rooms, or a man wanted some girls to dine with him minus the watchful eyes of mothers; if a boy owed more than he was able just then to pay, and his creditors had to be calmed into leaving him free for a while—oh, for a thousand-and-one reasons the elderly relative was wanted. Now, there is no such thing: "elderly" is a word that, so far as the upper classes are concerned, might as well be eliminated from the dictionary. A young fellow had a dinner-party the other night, at which his aunt was chaperon. She was ushered in 'skipping to a rag-time. "Sorry I'm late, boys—hope the girls are not hungry enough to eat you; fall to, I pray you," were her opening phrases and set the keynote of her evening's behaviour. The beneficent uncle is now a trim-haired, well-turned-out, flippant sort of gentleman not to be outdone in his savouring of life by the youngest of his nephews. "Speak to your tailor, my boy, with all the best of pleasure; but he wouldn't like it—he really wouldn't, you know. He's just county-courted me, by gad!—and it's a beastly way to be courted, eh, what!"



ENGAGED TO THE REV. W. H. RIGG: MISS MARGARET SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

Miss Scott-Moncrieff is the only daughter of Mr. Robert Henry Scott-Moncrieff, of Shooter's Hill, Blackheath. The Rev. W. H. Rigg is Vicar of Christ Church, Bermondsey.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Everybody's youthful nowadays until old age comes and sits down and says, "Time's up, give in. You've put up a good fight; it's my turn now." The old are with us still; but we have lost the middle-aged and elderly, and somehow, apart from convenience, a certain grace has dropped out of life.

One of the great social events of the coming season will be the historic costume ball, "A Fête at Versailles," at the Albert Hall on June 5, in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. There will

be represented a reception by Louis XIV. of reigning Sovereigns attended by their suites.

The following are the Courts, with the name of the organiser in each case: Bohemia (Countess of Huntingdon), Brandenburg

(Countess Blucher von Waldstadt), England (Countess of March), France (Lady Arthur Paget), Holland (Countess of Arran), Portugal (Marchioness of Donegal), Poland (Lady Newborough), Russia (Lady Alington and Lady Maud Warrender), Spain (Duchess of Somerset), Sweden (Countess of Kilmorey), Turkey (Countess Fitzwilliam), Tuscany (Countess of Drogheda), and Venice (Lady Leucha Warner). The ball is being organised by Mr. G. S. Foster from the Manager's Office, Earl's Court. The ticket-office is at 122, Brompton Road.



MISS KATHLEEN HAXBY ROBINSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN F. C. KENDLE WAS FIXED FOR THE 15TH.

Miss Robinson is the only daughter of Mr. F. J. Haxby Robinson, of Easingwold, Yorkshire. Captain Kendle, who is in the Royal Marine Artillery, is the second son of Mr. G. R. Kendle, of Wilton, Salisbury.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

*Continued from page 62.]*

This prediction has been fully borne out, the shares now standing at 12½, and the Report for 1912, which has just appeared, makes a splendid showing.

The railway profits showed a net increase of £9287, and that of the mines, £4990. After allowing for all administration charges, Debenture interest, etc., and providing £8000 for the redemption of the Second Debentures, the net revenue came out at £84,550, as compared with £67,882 in 1911. Reserves get £35,000, against £30,000 a year ago; the dividend has been increased from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent., and the carry-forward is about £2000 higher, at £21,700.

The position is quite satisfactory, receipts for the first three months of the current year, both from the Railway and the Mines, being higher than those of 1912, and so a repetition of the present dividend can be confidently expected. The Ordinary shares are, of course, somewhat speculative, and the advance cannot be expected to continue indefinitely, but we take the opportunity of again drawing attention to the 6 per cent. Second Debentures standing at 103. They are redeemable by drawings at par—£69,600 being so redeemed last year—which precludes the possibility of their reaching a much higher figure; but a yield of over 5½ compensates handsomely for the risk of loss upon early redemption.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

The following amusing paragraph on the unsavoury Marconi business appeared in our contemporary the *Stockbroker* of April 12—

Had we been told the truth in the summer, there would have been no Marconi scandal. Now both sides of the House are disgusted. Ministers should realise this. The Speaker preserves a sane mind; but for him both Mr. Maxse and myself [Mr. Raymond Radclyffe] would have been in the Clock Tower and the Radical Ministry would have been laughed out of office.

Surely it is a pity that these two gentlemen did not die for the people! The sacrifice would not have been in vain!

We notice that the new firm of outside brokers, Messrs. George, Isaacs, and Murray, of 1190, Downing Street, S.W., are still advertising in our contemporary. May we point out to them the advantages which our columns offer for publicity?

In our last issue, under the heading of "Guayaquil and Quito 5 per cent. Mortgage Bonds," we mentioned that private advices led us to believe that a further £8000 had been paid, and the accuracy of this statement was proved by the receipt of the money

(or, rather, £7336 19s. 3d.) while the printer's ink on our issue was barely dry. As only £2773 further is required to pay a coupon, and there can be little doubt that the next remittance will provide for this, and leave a substantial surplus to carry forward, we fully anticipate that the coupon will be met at the end of this month.

It now seems pretty certain that the San Paulo Railway will continue to hold its position of splendid isolation for some time longer, at all events. We understand that Mr. Farquhar has abandoned both the projects to acquire control and to build a competing line. Under these circumstances there is no reason for negotiations with the Brazilian Government to be continued; and we presume no more will now be heard of the matter. It is quite possible that there will be some realisations by disappointed bulls during the next few weeks, but the Company's position is so strong, and its prosperity so assured, that the present price appears fully justified.

Saturday, April 12, 1913.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

P. E. J.—It is hardly the time to sell anything at present, and we think you can hold a bit longer unless they show you a good profit, in which case it might be wise to take it.

FRATER.—The security you mention is quite sound. By (1) we presume you refer to the fifty-year 3 per cent. Mortgage Debentures, not 3½ per cent., and we place the order as follows—(1), (3), (4), (2).

SPARTAN.—(a) Yes. (b) Yes. (c) Apply to the Agent-General.

COB.—We think you should sell the North Coast land. As long as you realise that the rest of your shares are speculative you should hold for a revival in the South African Market.

SERIOUS.—Leave well alone.

THE MALANG RUBBER ESTATES, LIMITED.—At the annual meeting, held on Thursday, the Chairman, Sir William Hudson, said in future the balance-sheet would be made up to December 31, and submitted in April. He stated that the available profit amounted to £5600 odd. Despite the drought, it was not anticipated there would be any reduction in the coffee crop. They had 1161 acres under cultivation, containing 146,808 Hevea-trees, mostly over two years old; 397,353 Robusta; 175,000 Java, and 7150 Liberian coffee-trees; also 20,000 Castilloa rubber-trees interplanted. It was proposed to pay a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ending June 30, 1913.

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"Oak-leaf Geranium" ...	2/6	6/6	14/6
"Rose-Verveine" ...	1/9	4/6	10/6
"Triomphe" ...	3/6	8/6	18/6
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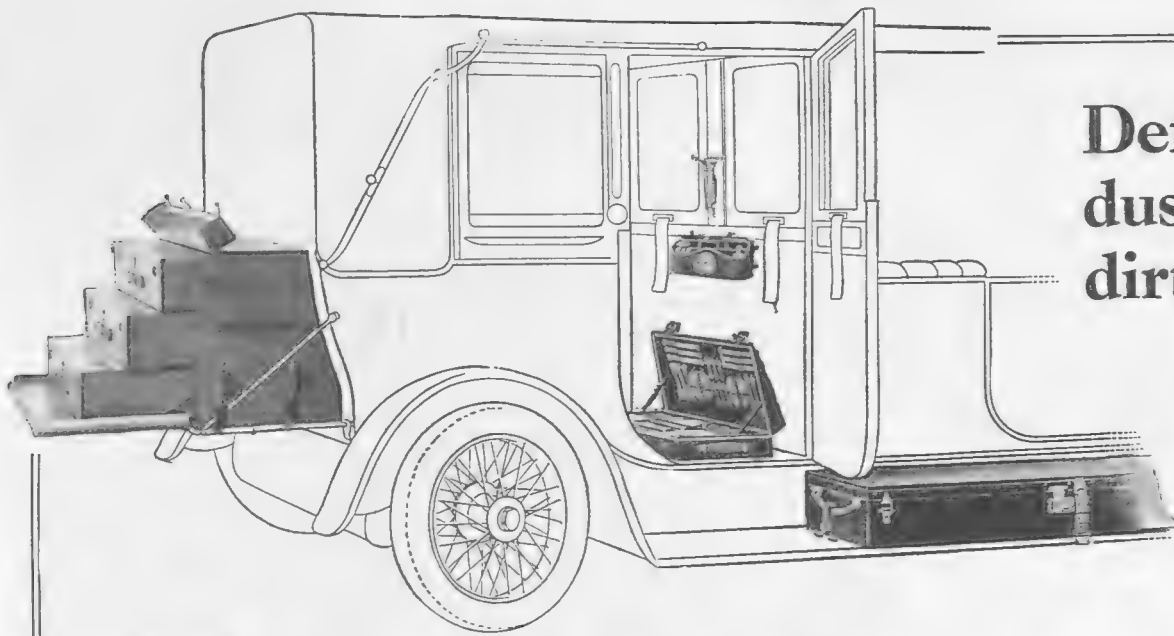
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**I**N spite of dust, mud, rain and speed, a Finnigans Motor Trunk lands your belongings clean and neat, safe and sound, at your stopping place.

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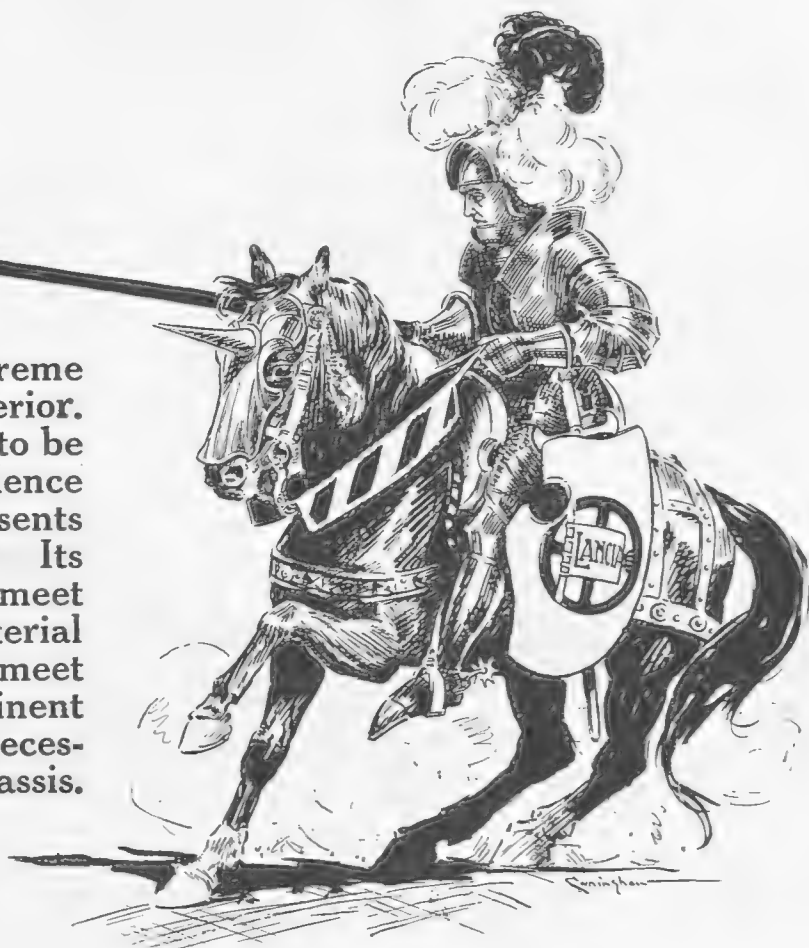




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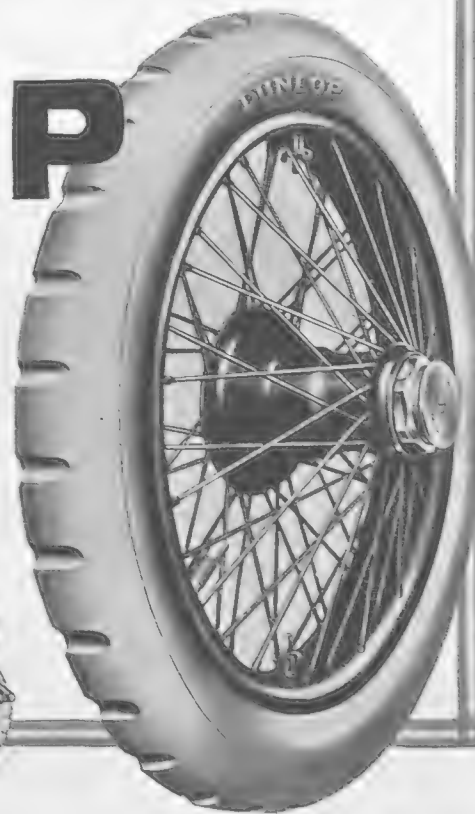


## TOURING TALKS. No. 1.

To the tourist of to-day roads seem prosaic affairs enough, leading as they do merely from town to town; nevertheless they represent the foundation of civilisation, as no society could exist without means of inter-communication, either of ideas or of persons. The development of a road system cannot be traced right back to its earliest beginnings, since they are far older than the oldest history. But one can epitomise the last few hundred years of road travel in a few sentences. Commencing with the pack or saddle horse, next came the stage-waggon, superseded in its turn by the post-carriage and the mail-coach. A hundred years ago the last was at its nadir, albeit a brief one, for the railway train with its smoke and rattle soon eclipsed the glories of the Mail. Save for country carts and solid-tyred bicycles the roads knew little traffic for half-a-century. Then, in 1888, commenced the

# DUNLOP

era, the Dunlop being the first practical pneumatic tyre. Its invention enormously popularised cycling, and when, a few years later, motor-cars began to puff and pant over the face of the country, it was on Dunlop tyres, adapted to these heavier vehicles. To-day, with methods of road travel advanced so far towards perfection that it is difficult to see in what direction further progress can be made, it is Dunlops that the far-seeing motorist attaches to his wheels.



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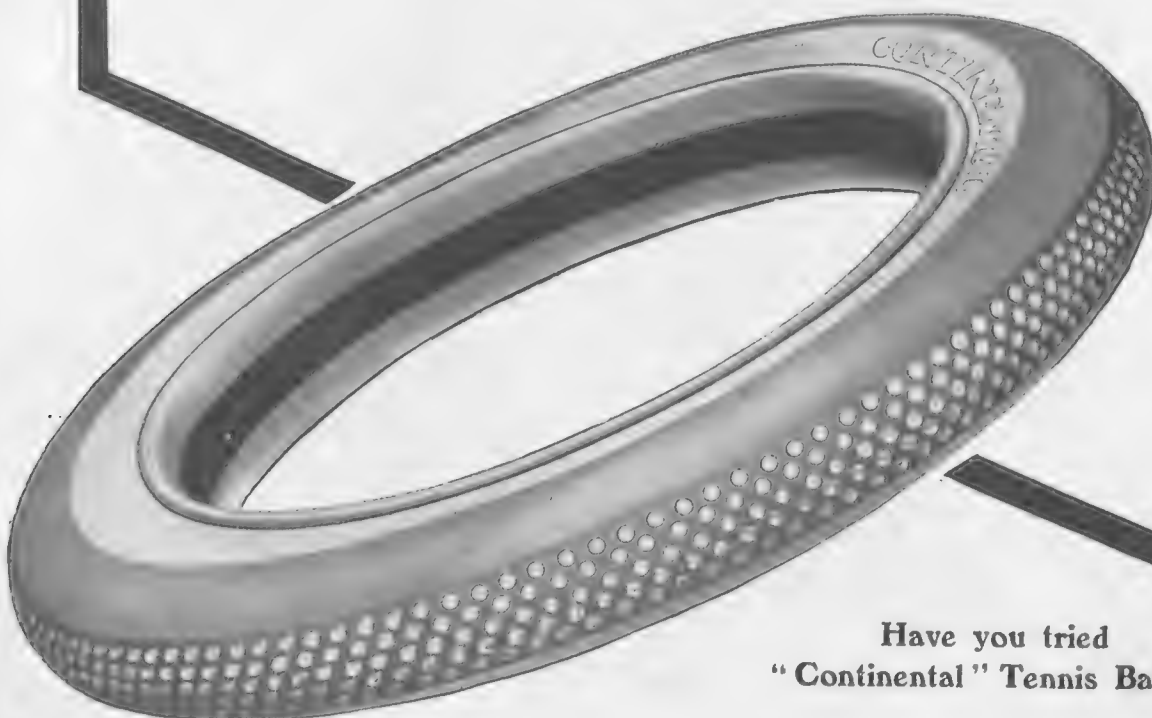
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There is only one Phosferine—beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS** or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

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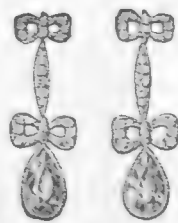
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. . . We send on approval whenever required, and ask that post  
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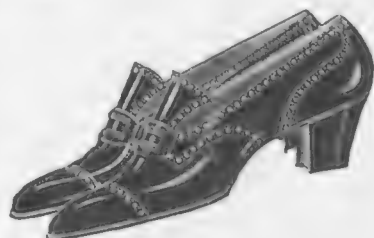
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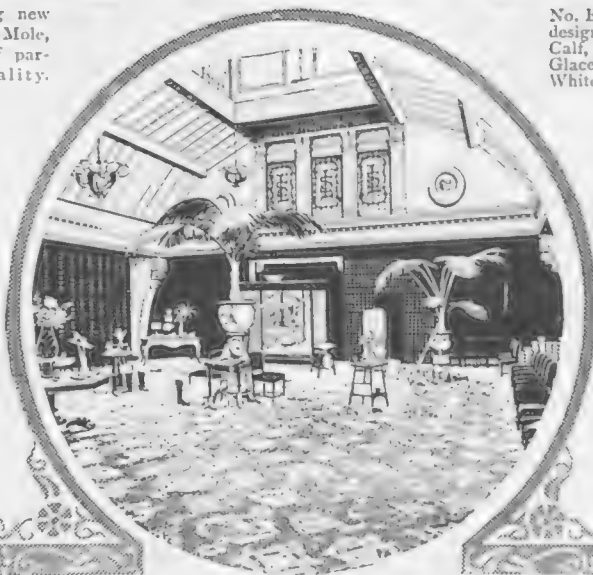
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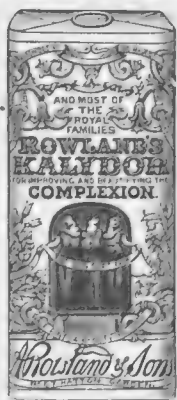


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Ladies should take great care of their complexion and  
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which is a most soothing, healing, and curative prepara-  
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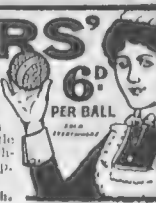
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**MELTONIAN PASTE** (Black or Brown) is equally dependable as a polish and preservative.

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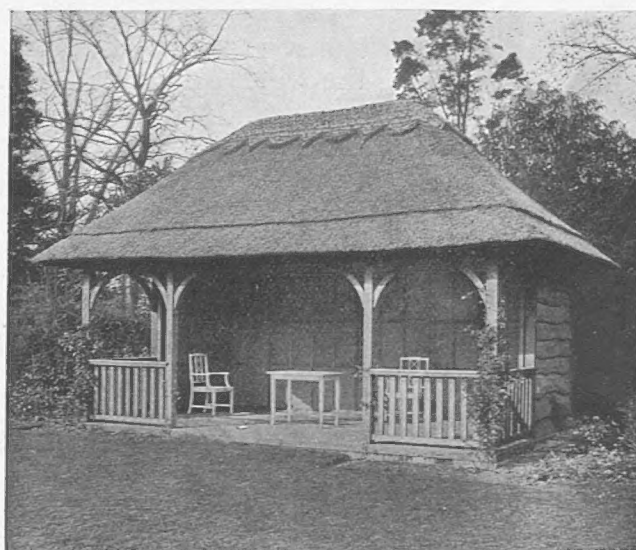
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## WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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THE PRIZES WILL NOT BE DIVIDED.

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Write the following on a sheet of paper:-

**"Learning is good, it makes you wise—  
and wisdom makes you wealthy,  
Wright's Coal Tar Soap is better still  
because it keeps you healthy."**

At the top left-hand corner place name and address, and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and, in the case of children, age. Competitors may send as many attempts as they like, but each one must be accompanied by an outside wrapper of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap. Sold everywhere, 4d. per tablet. Competitors sending any other wrapper than WRIGHT'S will be disqualified. **No correspondence can be entertained.** The decision of the Managing Director will be final. Last day for receiving replies, May 31st. The result will be announced in the "DAILY MAIL," on June 30th.

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It is important for you to know that Benger's is not a pre-digested food, and it does not contain dried milk nor malt nor chemical food substance.

It is natural cereal food combined with natural digestive principles. It is prepared with fresh new milk, with which it combines to form a delicious food cream, assimilable to the most weakly digestion, and safe to give under almost all conditions.

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is for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, and for all whose digestive powers have become weakened.



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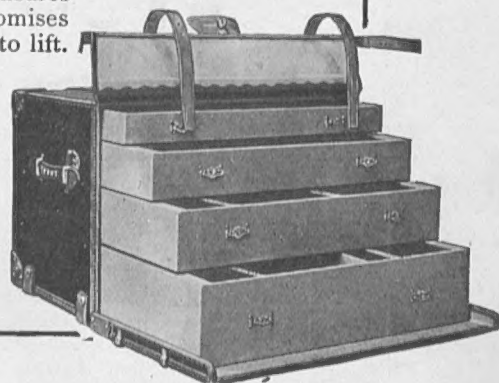
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### The Killing of Superfluous Hair.

"Boudoir Gossip."

It is easy to remove superfluous hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. Not many women know that for this purpose such a simple substance as powdered pheninol may be used, applied directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely. Almost any chemist could supply an ounce of pheninol, which quantity should be sufficient. \*\* A simple way to quickly neutralize disagreeable body odours is to dust the armpits occasionally with powdered (white) pergol. \*\*\* The use of the natural allacite of orange blossoms as a greaseless cream is becoming prevalent among the smartest women. It holds the powder perfectly, gives a delightful cool finish to the skin and does not encourage the growth of hair.

### What Women Hate.

"Helpful Gossip."

Every woman hates a shiny nose and a dull or greasy complexion. Few know that there is an instantaneous remedy at hand in the home, one that is absolutely harmless, and that defies detection even under the closest scrutiny. If you have no clemite in the house get about an ounce from your chemist, and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this lotion applied to the face will instantly cause the greasiness to disappear, and the skin will have a perfectly natural, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. The effect will last for many hours, and no powder is required, even under the most trying conditions, indoors or out. To prepare the face, neck and arms for a long evening in a hot ball-room nothing can compare with this simple home-made lotion. \*\*\* To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little menna line with the finger-tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well. \* \* \* Pileta soap is the most satisfactory for all complexions. It even works well in cold or hard water.

### A Strange Shampoo.

"Cosy Corner Chats."

\*\*\* I was much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead, she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in sealed packages, enough to make up fifteen or twenty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself. \* \* \* For an actual hair-grower nothing equals pure boranium. It is quite harmless and sets the hair roots tingling with new life. \* \* \* The use of rouge is almost always obvious, but powdered colliandum gives a perfectly natural colour and defies detection.

### Oxygen as a Complexion Remover.

"Things One Should Know."

The latest scientific method of improving the complexion is to "take from it instead of adding to it." The idea is to remove, by a gentle process of oxidation, all the stifling and half-dead accumulations which adhere to the skin in the form of sallowness, moth patches, liver spots, etc. The application of mercolized wax for a few nights in the same manner that cold cream is applied, soon produces marked results. In contact with the skin this wax releases free oxygen which destroys the waste matter but does not affect the healthy tissue in the least. The removal of the deadened and disfiguring waste matter reveals the beautiful young complexion which every woman has just underneath the stained outer one. The mercolized wax, as supplied by chemist shops, is perfectly harmless and very beneficial to the skin. \* \* \* To bring a natural red colour to the lips rub them with a soft stick of prolactum. \* \* \* For tired, hot or perspiring feet, use a tea-spoonful of powdered onalite in a foot bath.



**For  
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'Fairy' Rimless Glasses combine that optical skill and scientific perfection invariably associated with the name 'Dollond,' and in addition the charm of extreme lightness and elegance, real comfort, and practical invisibility.

Fairy' Rimless Glasses adjust themselves firmly on the nose and retain their position. They add lustre to the eyes, charm to the expression, and enhance the beauty of the whole facial appearance.

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Royal Letters Patent. (Unobtainable elsewhere.)



Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastenings.

Many designs for Day or Evening wear

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Elegant "CALLING GOWN" in dull black Satin, underbodice of fine shadow lace; the picturesque collar is a copy of old Venetian Lace. The bows on waist and skirt show a glint of dull gold.

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Composed of the daintiest of tiny garments, hand-made and many hand-embroidered. The following is a "complete Layette" supplied at 20 Guineas.

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2 Long Petticoats, French Lawn, trimmed Lace or scalloped edge	7/6 15 0
4 Long Petticoats, hand-made, and tucked	6/- 1 4 0
3 Long Day Flannels, Silk scalloped edge	7/- 1 1 0
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6 Hand-made Nightgowns, very daintily trimmed real Valenciennes Lace	8/- 2 8 0
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3 Dainty Bibs, quilted foundations, trimmed Embroidery	2/- 6 0
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2 Head Flannels	5/3 10 6
4 Flannel Binder Strips	3 6
3 Flannel Pilches	3/6 10 6
3 Dozen Turkish Squares	7/4 1 2 0
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Any article may be replaced with others more suitable to individual requirements, and Sample Layettes also supplied.

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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

### The Benzol Difficulty.

Benzol and all its attributes are very much in the air at the moment—very much in the air indeed, if at the passing of some cars one's olfactory nerves go for anything—and it would appear that there is really plenty of benzol about the country if motorists only knew how to come at it. It is only those who reside in proximity to a gas, chemical, or coking works who can obtain the spirit in any quantity and at a reasonable price. The many-headed are obliged to continue the use of the exorbitantly priced petrol because they cannot get anything else. Benzol is produced in many places, and in comparatively small quantities, so that the difficulties of carriage and distribution are almost prohibitive. As put clearly by Mr. Vincent, the managing director of Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd. (who, as usual, have been pondering what they could do to aid the public in this matter), it seems that the only solution of the problem is the formation of a new Company, with a capital of half a million, to undertake the collection, tinning, and distribution of the fuel.

### The Burning Road Question.

Next to the mechanical improvement and increased efficiency of motor-cars, the perfection of road-surfaces must assuredly have the greatest interest for car-owners of all degrees. In the first and most important place, their pockets are affected, and in the next, their bodily comfort. There is no doubt that in many parts of the country plucky and persistent efforts are made by progressive county councils and their road-surveyors, but the result is only partial and patch-work, after all. They are handicapped by their environment and by their finance. To-day the whole cost of the perfecting and upkeep of our roads falls wholly upon a section of the community who, in justice, should only bear their due proportion, and those who groan under the constantly increasing burden of the highway rates cannot be reproached for their strenuous opposition to further extraneous expenditure. There is one way, and only one way, out of the present ill-balanced condition of things, and that is a properly adjusted wheel-tax—a tax levied in a proper proportion to the use of the road by every vehicle that runs upon it.

### Wheel-Tax the Only Cure.

Further, in the matter of road-construction, it is interesting to learn that the next International Road Congress will be held in London in June next. No fewer than thirty different countries will

be represented by accredited delegates, who will, in meeting assembled, discuss roads, their construction and maintenance, till the cows come home. Without doubt, much will be learnt from the polyglot deliberations of these gentlemen, but when they leave us, they will leave us *in statu quo*, so far as making much practical use of the information they will come so far to impart. There is no hope for the sound future of British roads but legislation, and an entire readjustment of road administration. Much was hoped from such centralisation as was expected to result from the formation of the county councils; but although the establishment of these bodies has undoubtedly had some effect on the main roads in certain parts of the country, the sometimes equally important collaterals have been allowed to remain under the control and administration of petty, non-progressive, and poverty-stricken bodies.

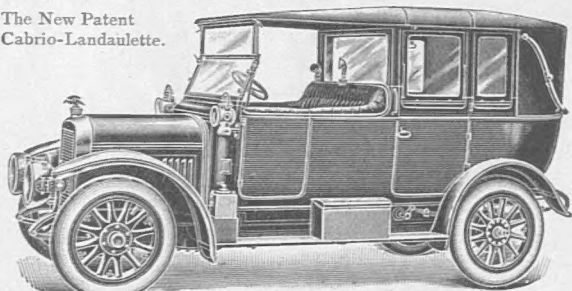
### Goux, Boillot, and a Peugeot at Brooklands.

That great car, the 30-h.p. Peugeot, which finished first in last year's Grand Prix in France, with its driver, the courageous Goux, at the wheel, put in some quite wonderful running at Brooklands a few days ago. Boillot, another famous French driver, also took a hand in sampling Brooklands. Notwithstanding the skill evinced by these two men on the road, it was evident that racing road-lore does not altogether serve at Brooklands, and that the use of the great track has to be learned even by masters like these. Both men took the banking too high, and the car occasionally slipped down in a manner so ominous that the on-lookers felt something more than qualms. But for the lack of habitude the big Peugeot would certainly have done better; as it was, ten laps were covered in 16 min. 49 sec.—equal to a speed of 103.23 miles per hour, or 1.1 miles per hour faster than the Talbot. But, mark you, only for ten laps. Also it should be remembered that the Talbot bore and stroke is 101.3 mm. by 140 mm., and the Peugeot 110 mm. by 200 mm.—a bigish margin of content.

### A Chamber of Experts.

The latest body to be formed in connection with automobilism is the London Chamber of Motor Experts. It is composed of men who are well known in the motoring world, and have won their spurs in automobilism. To employ a trite qualification, it will certainly fill a long-felt want. The chief object of the London Chamber of Motor Experts will be to act in an advisory manner between inventors and investors—let us hope, with profit to both. The Chamber should save inventors much disappointment, and investors time and annoyance.

The New Patent Cabrio-Landaulette.



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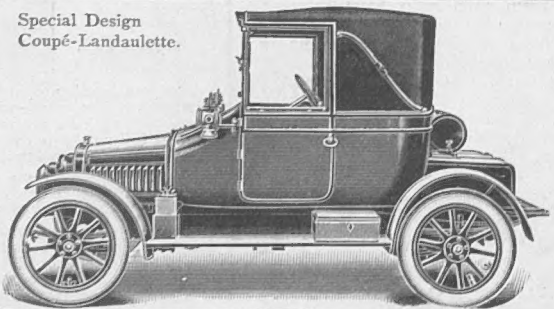
**Adler Chassis.**

The two examples illustrated can be used in either open or semi-open positions, in addition to those shown.

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10, OLD BOND STREET, W.**

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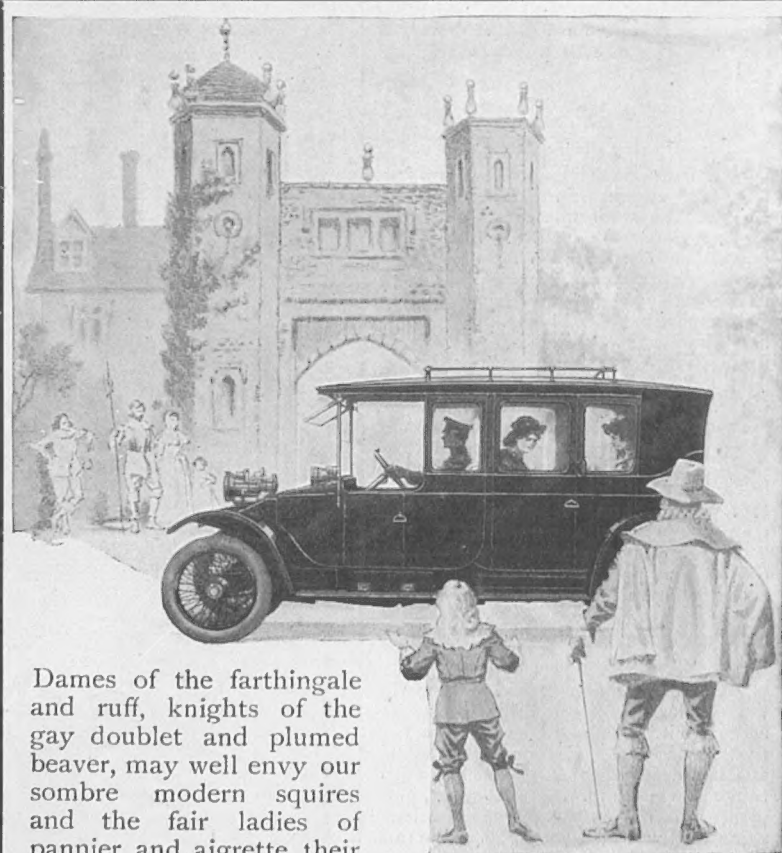


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